WEEK
ENDING
MARCH 27, 1926

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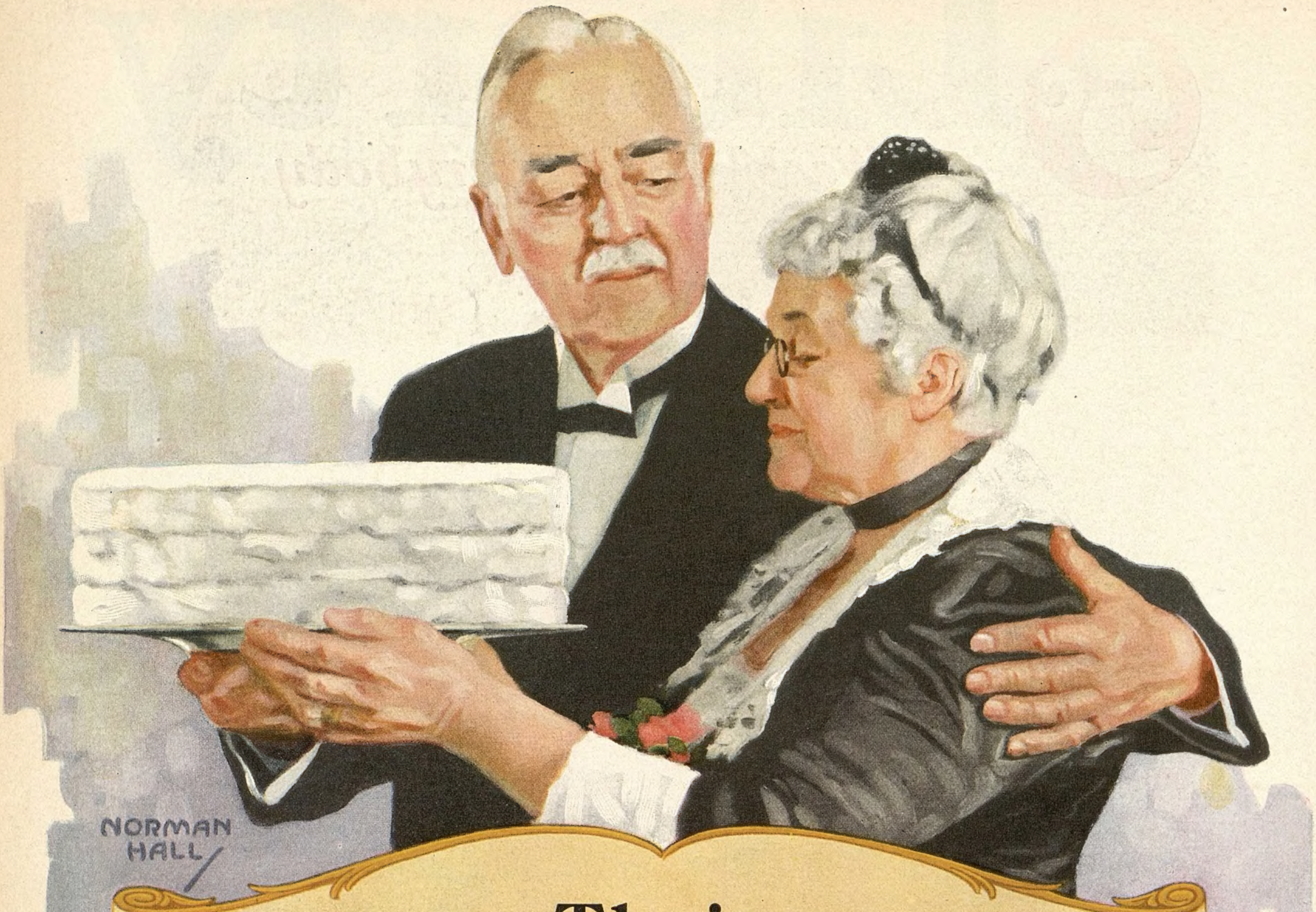
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

The Stuff that Dreams are Made of

Beginning

The Amazing Story *of* Nancy Randolph



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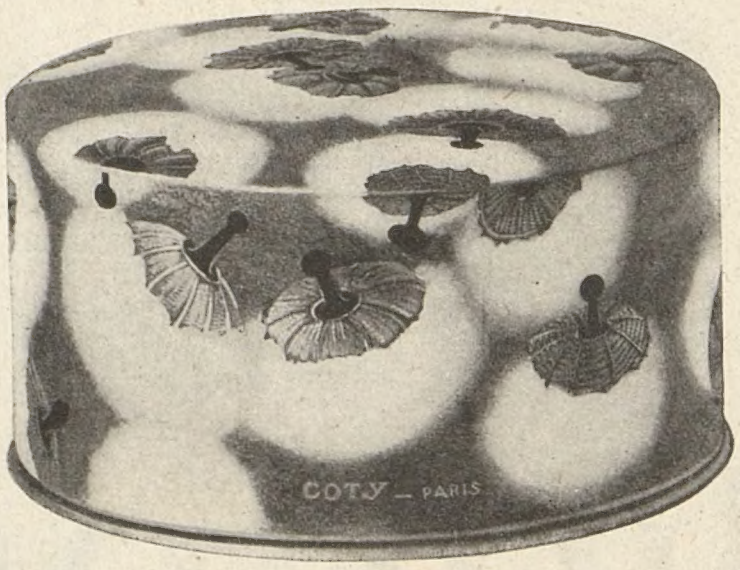

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MARCH 27, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 2 No. 47

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE PATRIOTIC GAME OF STATES

In this number we begin a new game: "The Patriotic Game of States"—patriotic, because it teaches us about this our country and enables us to know the size and shape of each State.

We introduce this game to follow the Patriotic Game of Presidents because that was a great success, created interest, and proved valuable educationally.

Games like these of the Presidents and of the States have often been used by publications to build circulation, but never before, to our knowledge, have they been combined with such educational factors, especially to children, as are to be found in our games. They are more than games. They present history and geography in a pleasant manner and so they never are forgotten.

You grown-ups, when you try to help your children with these games, will discover there are some things about the history and the geography of our country you thought you knew and do not. This writer, who has the usual writer's conceit that he knows a great deal, found several pictures in both the Presidents and the States that sent him humbly to the encyclopedia or to the geography.

MUST THE UNITED STATES FIGHT MEXICO?

The United States is being pushed nearer and nearer to war with a neighbor whom the vast majority of Americans would like to help.

Since the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz the Mexican border has been a constant irritation to both countries. Landing marines at Vera Cruz, the abortive invasion to capture Villa, American financing of revolutions, oil, mining, and land concession grabs, bandit raids into the States, the Nogales massacre, the killing of Americans, the passage by Mexico of laws forbidding alien ownership of land and guaranteeing Mexican control of corporations, a law held to be retroactive and confiscatory, and finally the expulsion of "unfriendly teachers," both Catholics and Protestants, have all combined to bring on an acute situation.

The Coolidge administration, which is not inclined to threaten, as other administrations have done, has been compelled to take a determined and forceful stand in defense of American property rights.

The average American has not been excited nor even much interested by the clash over the alien law which, prior to the World War, would have brought the United States and Mexico to the verge of conflict. But the suicide of four members of the Peteet family after two daughters had been drugged and ravished in the Tia Juana honky tonk, inflamed the public mind. The average Mexican is not much excited over whether Americans own forty-nine or fifty-one per cent of Mexican companies, but the stealing of Pancho Villa's head from his grave stirred latent hatred. It is that kind of thing that precipitates wars.

Add to that religious resentment over the expulsion of teachers who have devoted their lives to aiding peon children by a President who was a school-teacher and prejudiced against sectarian schools, and the situation becomes alarming.

Mexico has put herself in the position of a bad neighbor, throwing garbage over the fence, encouraging our bad children and her own, and slapping the ones who attend to their own business.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Prohibition and the Presidency

ARE THE DEMOCRATIC CHANCES ALL WET? by WALTER DAVENPORT, raises the question of whether a Moist Hope will lead the Democrats to victory in 1928. Don't miss it.

ELISABETH COBB CHAPMAN writes a happy tale of a wife who flirted her way back to life and joy. It's called ONE YEAR TO LIVE.

CHEATING THE SEA is an eye-witness account of the Roosevelt-Antinoe rescue by DR. GILBERT J. G. DALLDORF, surgeon of the Roosevelt.

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The Amazing Story of Nancy Randolph

How an Outcast Daughter of the Famous Virginia Clan Made War on the Conventions of Her Day

Picture by ARTHUR E. BECHER

By

Clifford Raymond

IN last week's issue of Liberty there was a story of Washington's slaves showing as to black women an economic independence of their black male consorts. That was in the lowest social order of the colonies and the early republic. There was to follow by contrast a story from the highest social order, the story of Nancy Randolph. This is that story.

In October, 1814, and January, 1815, two Americans, important in their time, wrote bitter and poisonous letters to each other, each intending to destroy the other utterly for then and evermore. One was John Randolph of Roanoke and the other was his cousin Nancy Randolph—Ann Cary Randolph.

When the letters were written she was Mrs. Gouverneur Morris of Morrisania, Manhattan Island, New York. They contained the gathered and stored poison of a tragedy, a scandal, and a family feud which went back to 1792 in Virginia, in the James and Appomattox region known as Southside Virginia. The letters also revealed the secret of a romance which had resulted in a great murder trial and which had dismayed aristocratic Virginia.

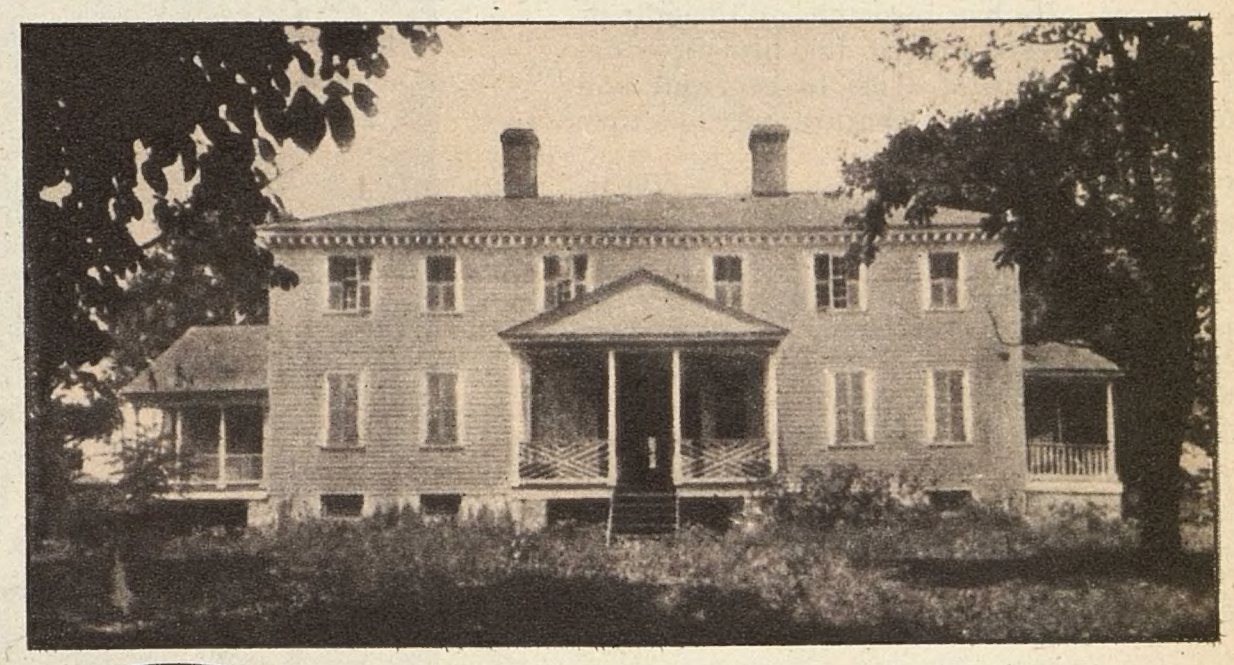
The letter that John Randolph of Roanoke wrote to his cousin Nancy was sent to her husband, not to her, with a note of explanation and compassion for him.

In the letter—which Gouverneur was to receive first and give to his wife or act on it as he wished—Nancy was denounced as a prostitute and twice a murderess. It accused her, the new wife of an old man of the cosmopolitan world (a man of many pleasures and many dignities) and the mother of his baby son, of probable intent to kill her husband and her baby.

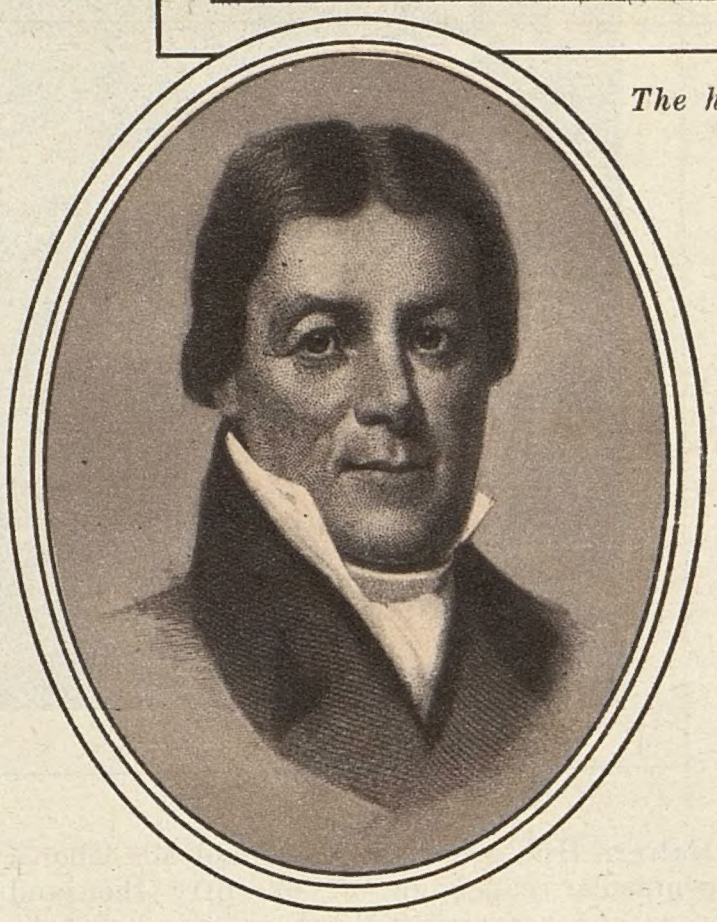
There are occasions when only a latitudinarian seems to have any dignity in the turmoil of life. Morris had it in this affair. He handed Randolph's letter to his wife and with that proof of indifference he may have gone out to play with his little son or to see what the gardeners were doing about the grounds.

Nancy, who had rewon a place in the world after much misery and humiliation, had it reassured her as Gouverneur, with whatever fine or affectionate gesture may have accompanied the act, gave her the letter.

In that new confidence she was unquestionably a tigress. There may have been tears in her eyes, caused by her husband's generosity. It may be imagined that a clamp of despair was taken off her lungs; but, breathing freely again and liberated, she sprang back at her detractor.



The home of Randolph Harrison, where Nancy's child was born.



John Randolph of Roanoke, who sought to destroy his fair cousin.

In extant letters there are few more tigerish examples than that which Nancy Randolph Morris wrote to the cousin who would have made her again an outcast; and there are few more deliberately cruel and deadly than those by which John Randolph tried to do this.

Gouverneur Morris, who took Nancy out of a forlorn poverty when he married her, was one of the important men of the United States. He was twenty-five years old when the Revolutionary War began; was in the New York Provincial Congress and Constitutional Convention; in the Continental Congress; a member of the committee that visited Washington at Valley Forge; was interested in finance, recommending the decimal notation and devising the word "cent" in our currency; was in France during the Revolution; was Washington's confidential agent in Great Britain for treaty adjustments; was Minister to France and United States Senator.

He was wealthy and wise, polite in the ways of the flesh and much experienced in the ways of the world. Thus he may have been indifferent to the values of Virginia aristocracy, a little too much of a biologist to find a certain line of generation sacrosanct, a little too much of an epicurean to find any kind unpleasing, rather bored by theories of perfectibility, either aristocratic or moral, rather tired—he died in November of the year following that of Nancy's letter to John—much experienced in what men and women will do to each other whether in Versailles or in Billingsgate Market, and with one eye on Sirius and the other on the nearest neat ankle kept his mind in poise.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NANCY RANDOLPH, her sister, and Richard Randolph arrive at the Harrison's, where scandal overtook them.

[THE AMAZING STORY OF NANCY RANDOLPH
Continued from Page Seven]

Now he may have been no such human being but it is exactly as such that he acted when he gave John Randolph's letter over to his wife Nancy Randolph and went out probably to smell the flowers or play with the baby.

John Randolph of Roanoke was the eccentric genius of the early republic, a Demosthenes but ready for the psychopathic hospital. He was the most futile brilliant man the early nation ever produced. Much that he said had some consequence. Nothing he did had much.

There was a time when he lived on opium; there was a time when he lived on alcohol; a time when he lived on both. He was always either in great physical pain or in the thought that he was. He had insomnia or thought he had. His protests against the injustices nature inflicted on him arise to confront and daunt the final author of nature. At one time he was plainly mad.

When guests were in his house he would be forced to groan in the pains of impending death. As his guests in their coach were on their way home they might be passed by John Randolph of Roanoke galloping by on a mare he could drive to the limit of her endurance.

When he thought he was dying of intestinal troubles he could ride forty miles a day and on his own statement had ridden sixty. He loved dogs, had them constantly with him, and had few constant human friends. He hated slavery but on occasion terrified his slaves with his violence and threats.

HE was forever threatening his political opponents with the cane or the duel and fought only two—one an adolescent affair over the pronunciation of a word with a schoolmate at William and Mary College, and the other with Henry Clay.

Clay's second shot cut close enough to Randolph's body to go through the folds of an eccentric duster he had worn to the field of honor. Randolph threw his second shot away. He had a right to try to kill Clay with it by deliberate, undisturbed aim but he insisted on shaking hands instead.

Benton, Randolph's second, wrote that it was a high-toned duel. The encounter had been caused by Randolph's imperishable phrases in Congress that the alliance between President John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts and Henry Clay was an association of Blifil and Black George, of the Puritan and the blackleg, and that Clay's ancestors were morally responsible for bringing to life a brilliant thing which, as a rotten mackerel by the moonlight, shined and stank.

The Randolphs were of the James River and the Appomattox. John was born at Cawsons, the home of his grandfather, Theodorick Bland. An American Battle Abbey could be built appropriately near this spot.

It is within a short distance of Jamestown, where the first English settlement was made to live and grow; Curles' Neck, where the first American rebel, Bacon, lived; Yorktown, where Washington and Rochambeau got Cornwallis; Petersburg and Appomattox, where Lee's army yielded to Grant's grip. Near by is Malvern Hill, where Lafayette encamped as Washington, having feinted at New York, was hurrying to invest the British in the South—Malvern Hill, where, in the ruin of McClellan's peninsular campaign of '62, fifty thousand worn and despairing Northern troops fought a battle that saved the Union forces.

The fingers of American fate busy with many skeins have come to a stop so often here to tie a knot which held the fabric that the region is worthy of the American Battle Abbey. It is impressive in cause and not coincidence.

The Randolphs were all over Virginia. United States Senator William Cabell Bruce of Maryland, the biographer of John Randolph of Roanoke, says that to get them disentangled was like handling a knotted line of fishhooks.

The Randolphs of this story were the brothers Richard, Theodorick, and John, and their cousins, Judith and Ann Cary Randolph —Nancy—the daughters of Thomas Mann Randolph of Tuckahoe, Goochland County. Judith had married her cousin Richard. Their home was at Bizarre on the Appomattox, the home to which John's mother and his stepfather, St. George Tucker, with the children had fled when Benedict Arnold made an incursion into Virginia after the frustrated betrayal.

Nancy had not been happy in her father's home and she had gone to live with her sister Judith in Richard Randolph's home at Bizarre.

In October, 1792, on Monday, the first of

the month, Richard and his wife and cousin Nancy and some friends, including Archibald Randolph, one of Nancy's suitors, went to visit the Randolph Harrisons in Glenlyvar, Cumberland County.

The Richard Randolphs and their friends arrived before dinner. The Virginians, we know, were very happy in the sociability of the big estates, and the young people of the aristocracy had a gay and clean and the adults a mature, ceremonious, and joyous association. One does not now understand how, for this house party, Nancy could have been so imprudent or Judith so blind.

The Randolph Harrisons gave Richard, Judith, and Nancy connecting rooms on the second floor. Richard and Judith had the room opening on the stairway; Nancy's was the inside room, entered through that of her sister and cousin.

Before dinner Nancy said she was not well and after dinner she was worse and went to her room. Probably the whole party broke up early because of that, but, whether or no, the Randolph Harrisons, sleeping downstairs, were awakened by screams from the sleeping quarters of the Richard Randolphs.

Senator Bruce in his biography of John Randolph says that the screams "were followed by an application to the Harrisons for laudanum, which was sent." In Nancy's room there were two negro girls, fifteen and seven. Probably one of these children was sent down to rap at the host's door and ask for the drug or it may have been Richard himself.

Mrs. Harrison had been alarmed and she got up to make inquiries. She went to the head of the stairs and found Judith Randolph sitting up in bed. She asked Judith what was the trouble and was told that Nancy was ill, of what Judith did not know but she thought it was hysterics. She had thought it was colic but she did not think colic would make Nancy scream so terribly.

Mrs. Harrison went on through Judith's bedroom and found Nancy's door locked. She knocked and the door was opened by Richard.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE AMAZING STORY OF NANCY RANDOLPH
Continued from Page Nine]

Nancy was in bed and the two colored children were by it.

Nancy had taken the laudanum and was quieter. Mrs. Harrison sat down by the bed and talked for a while. Then she returned to the family rooms downstairs and she and her husband tried to go to sleep again. Before they did, it being otherwise quiet now above, they heard footsteps descending the stairs and later there were heavy footsteps going back up—heavy in the sense that they were the footsteps of a man and the only persons on this stairway leading upstairs were Judith and Nancy, the two colored children, and Richard. A man's footsteps meant that Richard had come down and gone upstairs after quiet had been restored in the room in which Nancy had been screaming.

The Harrisons were thoroughly alarmed. Something worse than the consequence of an act of violence was impending—a scandal.

Nancy remained ill until the end of the week. Then she was able to go home with the Richard Randolphs to Bizarre. Afterward at Glenlyvar the slaves told Randolph Harrison that the body of a child stillborn or murdered had been found by the blacks on shingles in a row of wood in the woodpile. With a knowledge of trouble to come, Harrison did not investigate. He avoided knowing anything about it. Slaves could not give testimony against whites.

NANCY back at Bizarre soon was riding horseback; but the scandal, spreading from the slaves, was riding faster. It fastened on Richard Randolph and he began to suffer. He heard the stories and he tried to bring the authors of them to account. One was William Randolph, a brother of Nancy. Richard wrote his stepfather, St. George Tucker, that he had employed every insult he knew to bring William to a personal explanation and had failed and that because of all the unhappiness and misery he was moving away. That was in March, 1793.

In April, he was arrested, held without bail, and charged in the Cumberland County Court with the murder of Nancy Randolph's child—before sixteen magistrates whose names are a roster of the best Virginians. He was not only the accused murderer of the child but he was the presumptive father. The scandal to Virginia could not have been worse.

In his extremity Richard engaged three lawyers. One was Alexander Campbell, a leader at the bar in Virginia; another was John Marshall, afterward Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and the interpreter of the Constitution; and the third was Patrick Henry—the greatest array of counsel that ever appeared in a murder trial in the United States.

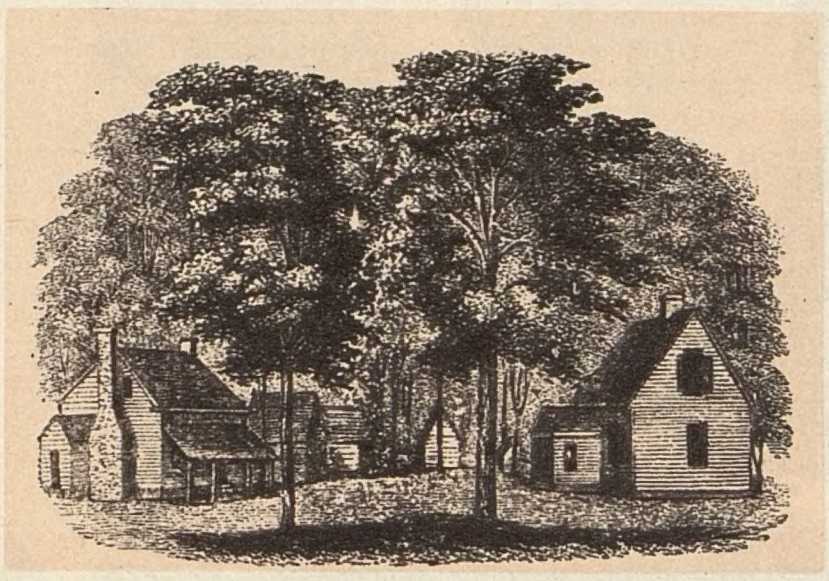
Patrick Henry was on Long Island when a retainer of two hundred and fifty guineas was sent him. He was in ill health, he said, and did not want to make the long journey to Cumberland County, Virginia. He declined. The messenger returned with five hundred guineas. The orator's health improved and he accepted.

There were no competent witnesses who could testify to the fact of a birth or a murder or even of the finding of a body. Under the Virginia law slaves could not testify. The Harrisons, the moment their fears were aroused, had taken precautions to learn nothing that was competent. There was testimony as to what people had observed of affectionate relations between Richard and Nancy and of Nancy's impending motherhood. One witness said she had confirmed her suspicions of Nancy's condition by peeping through the keyhole as the girl was undressing.

"With which eye did you peek?" Patrick Henry asked.

As the witness paused, confused and angry, with the courtroom crowd tittering, Henry cried, "Great God, deliver us from eavesdroppers!"

The verdict was "Not guilty." But Nancy Randolph's troubles were only beginning.



Roanoke, John Randolph's estate.

Judith had been very fond of her sister. She both testified in court and wrote to relatives that it had been she who attracted her husband's attention to Nancy's distress and asked him to get her laudanum. She had not observed anything to give her uneasiness regarding either her sister or her husband and throughout that unhappy night at Glenlyvar she had been in the room through which entrance to and exit from must be had.

This friendship between the sisters seems to have been broken after the trial. Randolph in his diary noted: "To Cumberland Court House on Star; return the same night; accompany Judy and Nancy with R. M. Banister in Mrs. Shore's carriage. The trial. Return. Quarrels of the women."

With the strain of scandal over and the danger to Richard past, something had penetrated to Judith's suspicions; or else occasion that had required the grand dame had now given way to occasion that permitted the woman. It does not appear that Judith and Nancy again had affection for each other until Nancy had re-established herself as Mrs. Morris.

THE story of Glenlyvar as told lacks credibility unless it is read with an understanding that Judith knew of the impending disaster and that she, Richard, and Nancy were facing down the gossip and rumors. It may have been they had decided that the refutation of the gossip was the constant appearance of Nancy, as was possible in the styles of that day, in the ordinary social routine.

Thus, strange as it otherwise seems, the family may have gone to the Randolph Harrisons conscious of the risk, and the disaster may have come on them.

Then to disarm suspicion Judith sat in her bed to receive Mrs. Harrison, knowing that this would remove or tend to remove a thought of the true gravity of the situation in the next room. In any such event as was the reality in this case the place of one sister was at the side of the other. Possibly the protective reasoning was that if the sister were allowing her husband to administer the relief there was no such event. Unless there was this determined and strategic front turned to the world, the story of Glenlyvar and the methods of its actors are hard to understand.

The irritation that had driven Nancy out of her father's home to her sister's before the scandal is not known. She was with her sister after it and, so far as can be determined, taking unhappiness in studied moods and temperamental ecstasies. Many of the distinguished men of Virginia, including Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Marshall, hoped that both time and people would be kind to her after her terrible experience, whatever it really had been, which had brought a young girl of aristocratic Virginia into a trial for murder of a baby. Some of the Randolphs were bitter or savage. Many of the Randolphs' friends were kind.

In June, 1794, John Randolph came of age and found his affairs involved in debts of several years and his crops impaired by floods. On Richard's advice he sold his Matoax property for three thousand pounds sterling and went to live at Bizarre with Richard and Judith. Nancy was under the same roof. John by his own account "lived the life of a mere lounger" and followed the races, riding from track to track.

In May or June, 1796, he was ill of a bilious fever in Petersburg. Richard was with him but went back to Bizarre when John was convalescent and in a short time was dead—of an emetic, John was told or later said he was told; and when in 1814 he tried to destroy Mrs. Gouverneur Morris he accused her not only of the murder of the infant but later of that of Richard Randolph by giving him this emetic to kill him.

After Richard's death John Randolph lived at Bizarre with Judith, her two sons, St. George and Tudor, and Nancy.

IF her own bitter story of her life at Bizarre is to be accepted she had the gall and wormwood of a dependent who had disgraced the family name and was never to be forgiven. Judith was unkind. John was stern, ungenerous, and domineering—although later he professed that even at this time he did not realize what was alleged to have taken place at Glenlyvar and did not suspect that Nancy had murdered Richard.

Nancy said she did the needlework for the family, was kept at labor, repressed and snubbed, allowed at the table but denied wine, tea, and coffee, and that finally John ordered her from the house, the only refuge she had.

It is difficult in the play of so many bitter and changing emotions to determine when any one of these characters is just or truthful; but Nancy in 1805 did go from Bizarre without means of support and without a place in the society in which she had been born.

The visit to the Randolph Harrisons at Glenlyvar, with its intimations of infanticide, its scandal, its subsequent murder trial and family unhappiness, was in 1792. Richard, the brother who stood the male burden of this, died in 1796; and, with John succeeding to the headship of the family in Nancy's immediate surroundings and with Judith unkind, Nancy nevertheless remained thirteen years after the first break of her misfortunes and nine years after the death of her protector, Richard, as a dependent under a rooftree where she has represented herself to have been despicably treated.

That is not wholly inconsistent with high

spirit and it does not prove the contrary of what Nancy has written. What was an aristocratic white woman in 1805 in Virginia or elsewhere in the United States to do if she left her home or were driven from it? As was shown in last week's article on Washington's slaves, a black woman had an economic value independent of her black male consorts. She did not have her freedom in the white world but she had it in the black. On her own feet she had a labor value. On the block she would bring about two-thirds the price of a male and it was a living for her.

The white woman of the men who owned these black women had no economic value whatever.

She might, by particular talent or good fortune in training, have been fitted to be a mouse-colored governess or music teacher if fortunate enough to find a family that needed one; but the rule was that her subsistence depended on men—father, brother, husband, or some other male of the clan. Outside of this circle she could and probably would starve if she tried to be virtuous.

There were no offices or mills open to her. She could not be an amanuensis or secretary. Even if she had been able or willing to support herself by manual labor, the slave-labor competition would have closed that door. There was no career in the arts or professions.

For such a woman as Nancy Randolph there was only the career of marriage and motherhood. That might and often did give commanding presence in a great house, on a great estate, and in important life. It did so at last in the life of Nancy Randolph; but it required the recapture by marriage in New York of what she had lost by misfortune in Virginia—the countenance and support of a well disposed male. Without that she was on the rocks, no matter how brilliant she might be.

IT was observed in the article on Washington's slaves that this economic independence of the woman in slavery—with the slave owner, at his best, as a benevolent state—had consequence in children without family. They were attached to the woman, not the man, even in the event the man were known.

In the society that makes the family the children are economically attached to the man. That was the case in the society into which Nancy Randolph had been born and it was a society of families.

Romantically considered the woman was the jewel of the world. The code of the day reverenced her if she was well born. Men deferred to her from her cradle as an infant to her grave as a grandmother. As a child she played with boys. In her adolescence she had a smiling and unvexed association with young men disciplined in a code of perfect sex conduct toward her.

She married in state and amid all the flowers of romance and she had fourteen children, each a loved and important block in the wall of ancestry which is the male egotism. This system of female subordination to male protection produced the family.

The lack of it did not disturb the slave woman. The lack of it does not disturb the capable woman of modern times and in her case also the family is unimportant. But the lack of it nearly reduced Nancy Randolph when she bolted from, or was driven from, Bizarre to starvation. She recovered her position when she married and had a son.

Thus it does not follow that because she remained thirteen years under a hostile roof she was telling an untruth when she wrote that it was hostile. When she bolted from under it her cousin John Randolph assumed that she had gone out to be a woman of the streets and wharves. What else could she do? That was the implication.

He accused her of having taken refuge in Prior's, a public garden in Richmond. She said she had taken lodging with Mrs. Prior, "a lady of as good birth as Mr. John Randolph and of far more correct principles."

At times she was much reduced. John once gave her one hundred dollars which he said had been sent to her by Judith. She refused it; but later she asked him for a loan of fifty dollars and he did not reply to her.

The happy ending of this adventure of feminine economic futility in a man's world, whatever the deprivations of it may have been, is described by Nancy in 1831, long even after the letters that opened up her story and threatened to destroy her. She writes to Joseph C. Cabell and speaks of her son, who is eighteen years old and six feet one inch in height. Her period of starvation or what not on her own between Bizarre under John Randolph and Morrisania with Gouverneur Morris was evidently only four years. They could have been long years for such a woman.

"More than twenty-two years have elapsed," she wrote in 1831, "since I came here to live, and I have nothing to reproach myself with. In my husband's biography will be seen an account of his domestic happiness. I knew Mr. Morris in the years '86 and '88. He visited me at old Mrs. Pollack's, in New York, in 1808, and expressed a wish that some reduced gentlewoman would undertake to keep his house, as the lower class of housekeepers often provoked the servants to a riot in his dwelling. He went to his lands where he remained six months; on his return he proposed my coming to keep house for him; I thought it much better to have employment than remain a burthen on my friends."

She began as housekeeper to save Gouverneur Morris from his ruinous servants. She remained to marry him, and of her wedding she wrote: "I glory in stating that I was married in a gown patched at the elbows, being one of the only two I had in the world."

At the beginning of this story it was said that it concerned three brothers. One has been merely mentioned. He was Theodorick, a year younger than Richard and two years older than John.

When the landing of Benedict Arnold with the British at Westover on the way to Richmond drove the Randolphs out of Matoax up the Appomattox to Bizarre and safety, John was just able to ride a horse.

At Bizarre in the days of the Revolution the children were out of reach of such education and discipline as they might have had nearer settlements and under the paternal eye.

Theodorick and John took up the sports of the Negroes in the backwoods of Bizarre. John had genius, a sensitive mind, and the delicacy of his breed. It is entirely justifiable to see Theodorick growing up as an undisciplined boy, torturing animals, cockfighting, hunting, domineering the slaves and consorting with them. John mentions a terrible thrashing he had from Theodorick when he tried to save a black kitten that his brother was torturing. Theodorick, in the brief sketches extant of him, is that sometimes brutal, sensual, sexual product of leisure and caste authority on the soil with nothing to occupy the day but sport and no association except with slaves.

THAT, as nearly as can be seen and in spite of kindly commentators, was Theodorick—a brutal lout who thrashed his younger brother for the attempted rescue of a kitten from torture and who betrayed his cousin Nancy into the consequences which made all this tragedy and scandal. Richard, the eldest brother, had known the secret.

Theodorick died February 14, 1792. The affair at Glenlyvar was in the following October. Nancy's father, Thomas Mann Randolph, when he heard Theodorick and Nancy were attracted to each other had refused his consent to the marriage. Nancy for one reason or another had gone from her father's home and was living at Bizarre with Richard, Judith, and Theodorick. She gave her common sense that familiar anodyne of the conscience—"married in the sight of God"—and with that, sufficient for Theodorick, the consequences were such as required a payment of five hundred guineas to Patrick Henry to save Richard Randolph from the gallows.

Richard and Judith had two children, St. George and Tudor. St. George, the elder son, Nancy describes as "poor, deaf and dumb St. George." Tudor was sent to Harvard. On his way home to Virginia from Cambridge in 1814 he was seized by a hemorrhage in New York and his aunt Nancy took him in at Morrisania, nursed him, and supplied him with money.

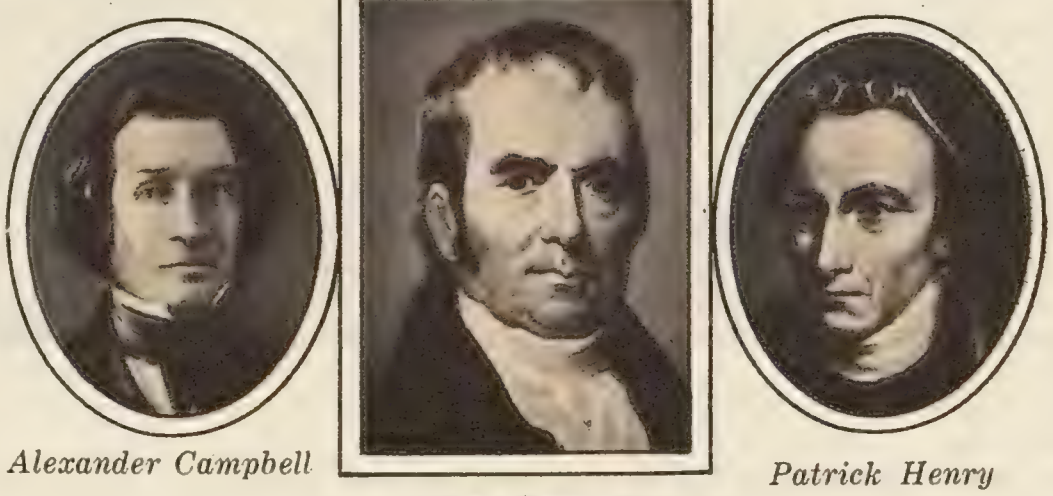
Judith, her sister and his mother, went to New York from Virginia. So did John Randolph, who spent a night at Morrisania and then returned to New York.

On the return his coachman overturned the carriage in driving over some building material in the road. John sustained some severely wrenched tendons and was dying again.

He almost must have heard some gossip of Gouverneur Morris and Nancy in New York. He then wrote the letter to Nancy which he sent to her husband and she replied. The scholarly Senator Bruce is reminded of "the deathly grapple in midair, with beak and claw, of two fierce falcons."

Other commentators would not regard this attack on a woman, made as it was, the swoop of a falcon. Some of John Randolph's moods were those of insanity.

John Randolph's cruel letter and Nancy's withering reply will appear in the concluding installment in next week's issue of Liberty.



Alexander Campbell *John Marshall* *Patrick Henry*

The Confession

ZEIGLER was a quiet little man with a Vandyke beard, a calm and steady eye, and the ring finger of his left hand missing. I met him first in Jack Hilton's bar at Soma; he was standing, for Zeigler never sat down to drink and never was floored by it.

The last time I met him he was in a bed in the hospital at Manila. He was not dying, but he was going to die soon, and, being a high official in the Moonlight Soap Company's Pacific business, he was able to indulge in the luxury of a private ward.

He had sent for me, hearing I was at the hotel, and as we sat and talked my eyes wandered here and there from the neatly folded clothes of the sick man to the picture of the Madonna on the wall, to the revolver and belt on the shelf beside him.

The big navy revolver had never left him in health and it was his fad to keep it beside him in sickness, and there it lay as we talked, beach talk ranging here and there, from Lord Howe to the Seven Islands, talk of trade and drink and girls and wives.

"She's dead," said Zeigler. "Nalia, that woman who was with me at Soma. Woman, no; she was my wife right enough. You remember her—she wasn't pure 'Kanak'; reckon she had two fingers of Portuguese blood in her, but she was a good wife, by God! And that's maybe why I legally married her. Knew her for a good woman, and a good woman, my son, is a woman that will stick to you dead, damned, drunk, or in delirium tremens.

"And now I'm going to follow her. The blue peter is flying for S. P. Z. and before he lifts the hook he'd like to whisper in the ear of confidence that he has been streaked in his morality—the confession business, you know what I mean. Piece of stupidity, maybe, but it gets rid of top hamper off the chest, if you don't mind my discharging it on you."

I told him I didn't, and then, with the heavy revolver placed on his knees as a plaything, he began to talk. This is the story of Zeigler as he told it to me, but in my own words:

SOMA is a trade center as well as a copra island. The Paumotuans come there to sell pearls and shell, and the Chinese, Malays, English, and Yanks come to buy. Twenty years ago, when S. P. Zeigler arrived there—a young man, or rather a comparatively young man—Soma was pure copra, and copra had not yet been exploited by the great soap companies.

Soma is a high island twelve miles across from north to south and fourteen from east to west. It has a broken reef and a climate that for most of the year is the climate of Paradise. Zeigler came to take up the trade post for a firm in San Francisco, O. P. Milligan, Inc., and he came because Fergusson, the man who had held the post hitherto, was dead from drink.

Zeigler did not drink. When I say did not drink, I mean that he did not drink to injure himself, and when he had visited the last trader's grave, had taken stock of the trade in hand, and had gone over the accounts, he settled down to life and business unhandicapped—or seemingly so.

Mayapa, the chief of the eastern part of the island, was the main stand-by on the native side. He did not drink even when he could get the stuff, and so kept drink from his tribe.

Tafua, who ruled and made merry on the western side, was seventy if a day, all wrinkles and bones and an inside burned out with palm toddy, whisky, trade gin, and black rum.

A successful trader in the Pacific in those days had to be a diplomat and also a bit of a ruler. Zeigler, finding trade was falling off owing to Tafua's conduct, went out, caught the ruler just as you might catch a wild animal, brought him to his house, and filled him with alcohol. Then he kept him in the compound, a prisoner preserved in spirits, perfectly happy and noisy only at times. Meanwhile Tafua's son took the reins of government with satisfactory results.

IT was during the expedition against Tafua that Zeigler came across Nalia. Nalia was beautiful to the European eye, and now that Tafua was safe in the compound and the tribe at work, she often appeared coming out of the woods carrying the copra to the godown, where it was stored, and sometimes lingering on the beach to watch the gulls or the children.

Zeigler was attracted by her from the first, and though she never looked at him twice, he

A Story of a Hunted Killer and How He Found Love in Exile

by H. de Vere Stacpoole

Pictures by B. H. Clark

"NALIA," said Zeigler, "I am going to marry you."

would follow her with his eyes until she was out of sight and then follow her with his mind.

But he had other things to think about just now. As a matter of fact, when Fergusson died the news spread about the Pacific. O. P. Milligan did not own the place, so another trader, a man from Arepa, made a swoop, arriving a fortnight late, but he stuck and built a house. Finding old Tafua in Zeigler's compound a virtual prisoner and, more than that, "ginned up," he expressed virtuous disgust and held out veiled suggestions as to what ought to be done to white men who debauched black men with alcohol for the sake of profit. Calder was this man's name.

Zeigler neither pointed out that Tafua was mahogany color, not black, nor that Calder had better mind his own business. Zeigler said nothing. He had met Calder ten years before and he was wondering if Calder recognized him through the beard that he, Zeigler, had grown.

IF Calder remembered anything of that business at Beira, in East Africa, it would come out now. But Calder showed no sign of recollection. He would come up to the other's house and sit in the veranda, openly accusing him of unfair practices and having drinks at the same time.

"It ain't fair," said Calder. "You've won over the Kanakas so that there's no trade left for another man, though there's enough for two, and look how you've done it!"

"You'd have done the same," said Zeigler.

"I'm not saying I wouldn't," replied the other, "but that don't alter matters. Two blacks don't make one white. Well, there it is, and I give you notice if I get a chance I'll go on all fours with you."

THEN he had another drink and the conversation took a turn.

That is the way of the islands. You are at trade-daggers drawn with a man, but you don't dirk him until relations are no longer bearable. Meanwhile you drink and eat together and maybe give him your quinine if he has run out.

Zeigler rather liked these meetings; they relieved the monotony of life. The only thing that troubled him was the necessity of keeping his left hand out of sight.

Once he got rather a jolt when Calder, pausing over his drink, said, "Say, haven't I ever met you before somewhere? I seem to place your voice, but I can't fix it to you. No—well, maybe it was some other chap's voice."

But between these two men there was to arise a difference other than that produced by trade considerations.

Calder, having time on his hands and a feeling for beauty other than the beauty of morality, found his attention engaged by Nalia.

Nalia, coming down with copra or to sell chickens to Zeigler, would stray, as a rule, to the beach to talk with the beach people, to bathe, or simply to look at the sea.

Everything on the beach interested her except the white men. The brown men did not interest her either. Men, for Nalia, seemed things negligible, almost invisible, like the prawns in the rock pools.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ZEIGLER, seated in his veranda, was talking to the captain when Ona came to tell of Calder's insult.

[THE CONFESSION
Continued from Page Thirteen]

One day in the woods Zeigler, coming along a runway, met Nalia face to face. "Zeela," as the Kanakas called Zeigler, deeply in thought about trade matters, suddenly found himself facing her.

"Nalia," said Zeigler, "what of those fowls you promised to bring me? Yesterday it was, yet you did not come to the beach, nor have you been there today."

"Oh, the fowls," replied Nalia; "truly, Zeela, I had forgotten. My mother required me for the basket work and I had not finished —it was this that made me forget."

"So," said Zeigler.

He looked at her for a moment, and she returned his look as unconcernedly as though he were a tree.

Nalia was beautiful, graceful, well formed, a woman among women. She was more than that, she was good and trustable. She would never fool Zeigler.

HE could see her nature through those clear eyes of hers as one sees the depths of a pool through its crystal water. She had traded with him in a small way, selling baskets, chickens, and eggs, and shown herself superlatively honest. He had always admired her, but the thought of mating with her had never come until now.

Zeigler was a very direct and straightforward person. When he spoke or struck he went straight to the point.

"Nalia," said he, "I am going to marry you."

Nalia straightened and drew back. Then as his eyes met hers she knew at once that he was not jesting or offering her insult. He took her hands and drew her to him by the simple process of stretching out his arms, kissed her full on the lips, and then released her from his embrace.

Calder knew nothing of all this. He had been so busy building a temporary house and trying to get the drift of things that he had no time for philandering. He had marked down Nalia as the prettiest girl on the island, but he had no time to give chase until now when, the house finished and the trade stuff stored in a temporary godown, he found himself with idle hands.

It was not that the natives refused to trade with him but simply that they were too lazy to do more than satisfy Zeigler's wants.

Idle, Calder turned his thoughts to fishing, drink, and love. Sometimes Calder wished Zeigler would die, and sometimes he wondered at his own restraint in not taking Zeigler by the scruff and dumping him into the lagoon where a tiger shark was always waiting for anyone who should fall in.

Calder was big and very strong and he had what one might call a physical contempt for his rival in trade. He recognized that Zeigler was a determined little devil and respected him as such; but little by little this recognition and respect was overgrown by the sense of his own superior power as a man and by the mind-sapping influence of idleness, whisky, and climate.

One day, wandering in the woods, Calder, turning a big tree with roots like buttresses, found himself face to face with Nalia.

Nalia was especially gay that morning. She was to be married. Adams, the missionary, or the first ship's captain touching the island, was to do the job, and everyone knew the fact but Calder.

Finding himself alone with the object of his desires, Calder began to jest with her and then, seizing her around the waist with his big hands, imprinted an unchaste salute on her full and burning lips.

Nalia screamed, struggled, struck, and spat at him. Then she ran, ran like a deer for her home and, seated on a case of canned salmon, poured out her tale. Her father listened and smoked, while her mother made verbal notes. That evening, an hour before sunset, Zeigler, seated in his veranda talking to the captain of the schooner Mardyke which had just put in, saw the old woman approaching and knew that something was up.

Something was. Ona, the mother of Nalia, had set her mind on a can of peaches. This was her process of reasoning—Nalia was going to marry Zeela, Calder had put insult on Nalia, therefore Zeela, Ona's prospective son-in-law, ought to give Ona a can of peaches as a set-off against the insult suffered.

ZEIGLER gave her the can of peaches and leaving Brown, the schooner captain, to amuse himself with the whisky and the natives, went to Calder's house when Calder was sitting smoking and contemplating the glories of the early evening.

"Look here," said Zeigler, "what tricks have you been up to with that girl Nalia?"

"And what the devil has that got to do with you?" asked Calder, getting to his feet. "Are you her grandmother?"

"No," said Zeigler, "but I am going to be her husband. It's been arranged long ago and Brown is going to marry us tomorrow."

Calder laughed and said objectionable things out of the fullness of his heart, and Zeigler, who also had a nasty tongue, replied.

Then Calder went for Zeigler in a mad-bull rush and Zeigler jujutsued him. In a few moments Calder found himself sitting on the ground recovering from the smack that the earth had hit him.

You can't fight the earth and you can't fight a jujutsu man because the earth fights with him. Calder had broken no bones; he was only a bit stunned. As he sat recovering, his eyes fell on Zeigler's left hand. Zeigler had forgotten.

"Oh!" said Calder. His gaze went from the hand to the face of the other.

"Bettison," he cried. "Bettison, by God!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Zeigler folded his arms and stood looking at Calder. He did not speak a word. He was done. There was nothing to be said. The big Beira swindle, forgotten by all but a few, dead fifteen years and more, was alive again. It only wanted a word from Calder to set the law in motion. "Bettison is on Soma." The word would go to Frisco and be heard next day in London, and then, after months perhaps, but surely, the hand would come to grasp him. Escape? Extradition would have him in any island—even if it did not he would be an outlaw. His prospects were shattered—his life done.

Calder rose to his feet.

"I ought to have known before, but it was the beard," he said. "Well, there you are, and now you've got to take it, S. P. Zeigler. I'm not asking you is that your real name. I'm not going to jug you, either."

HE paused and looked toward the heaven of the sunset and then back again at his victim. He was a quick thinker and he had come to his decision.

"You can go free, S. P., but you've got to go. You've got to go in that hooker and leave Soma to me. Where you go I don't care. O. P. Milligan will put another man in here, but before he comes I will have a chance of getting my clutch on the Kanakas same as you did."

"You mean to ruin me?" asked Zeigler.

"Oh, Lord, no," said Calder. "You've done that business yourself. I'm not in the show."

"You mean me to go?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, I will think about it," said Zeigler, just as if it were a business deal the other was proposing. Not a word about Nalia.

"Do so," replied Calder. "I give you till tomorrow noon."

Then he turned away and Zeigler went off to where Captain Brown was still seated in the veranda.

The house of Calder was beyond the trees and the jujutsu show had been conducted beyond sight of the captain. Zeigler, who showed nothing of the recent occurrence, took his seat, lit a cigar, and the talk between the two men was renewed.

"Well," said Brown, "as you were saying, there's something in the islands, but Town Street is good enough for me. Ain't you gettin' tired of it?"

"Tired of it?" repeated Zeigler. "I don't know. I'll tell you in a year or two, when I've seen more of it and when I see what married life is like. I've got a job for you, Cap. Before you pull up the hook you've got to do a splice. Got your prayer book on board?"

"Who's the parties?" asked the captain.

"A girl here is one," said Zeigler, "and I'm the other—or maybe Calder, that big chap you talked to on the beach. It depends which she chooses—which of us two wins her. And if I lose her," said Zeigler, "I want a passage to Upolu on board your hooker—Upolu is your next port of call, isn't it?"

Brown agreed, and then asked, "And are you going to chuck this place on account of a Kanaka girl?"

"Not entirely," said Zeigler. "If I go it will be merely on account of a man I once met at Beira, but that's a long story. Come, dinner is ready."

Calder went to bed that night quite satisfied with himself. O. P. Milligan would have another man in inside six months, but he reckoned by hard work and attention to business to make his clutch good, capture half the trade of the place, and keep it. Then there was Nalia. He reckoned if left here alone to make his clutch good on Nalia, too.

Calder had no animosity toward Zeigler, nor pity. Pity had no part in his nature. He had done in his small way many cruel acts—small swindles, desertions of women, betrayals of men—but always, or nearly always, he had kept within the law.

He awoke the next morning to another gorgeous day, and his first thought was of Zeigler.

Zeigler would not kick. His knowledge of men and events told him that. Zeigler was in the net. The schooner was sailing with the ebb that afternoon and Zeigler would sail with her.

Calder forgot Nalia. He also had not overheard Zeigler's arrangement with Brown for the marriage of Nalia to either Zeigler or himself. He ate a leisurely breakfast and came out, looking for Zeigler.

Then he saw Zeigler stepping from his veranda, dressed in his best suit of white drill, a flower in his coat and a cigar in his mouth. One might have fancied him about to be married.

Seeing Calder, he came along toward him. "I'm off," said Zeigler curtly. "The mate's ashore now, putting the fruit on board; they watered at sunup. I'm off this afternoon, unless you have changed your mind—which I see you haven't. Walk down the beach a bit; I've got a word to say to you about that Beira business—you don't know all of it."

They walked along the sands to a fallen tree just out of sight of the schooner, where Zeigler took his seat, offered a cigar to Calder, who accepted it, taking his seat to the left of the other on the log.

"You'll never see me again after today," said Zeigler, "and I reckon you're not the man to peach where there's no profit to be attached to it. I've got something on my

mind I've been carrying for fifteen years and the fancy's taken me to get it off by loading it on to yours.

"When I cleared out of Beira that time I got into British East Africa. Got a horse and some grub and struck north, living on my gun mostly. I had a Winchester and this same revolver I've got at my belt now, and I made out for two months, working along toward the Zambesi.

"One evening, as I was making camp, up comes a mounted policeman. He didn't look like a policeman at first sight. Riding up to me, he got off his horse, told me his name was Young, told me my name was Bettison, showed me the extradition warrant, and didn't even ask for my gun.

"'You've got to come along back with me,' says he; 'no use in kicking. The country is out against you and you're done. What's that you're cooking? Water-buck steak? Where did you get him?'

"I told him where I'd killed the buck, and we sat down to supper.

"THAT'S the way of the English. He knew he was the law and nothing could touch him. A Portuguese or German would have begun to shoot before he began to talk, but this chap just sat down to supper.

"He told me we'd start back for Salisbury in the morning, and then we chatted on the country and the shooting till a big moon began to rise over the trees, when Young said he was tired and going to turn in.

"We were sitting on the ground, nearly side by side.

"'A moment,' I said, and he turned and saw I had got my gun on my knee, just like this."

Zeigler drew the revolver from his belt and rested it on his knee.

"'You've cornered me,' I said; 'you shouldn't have done it,' I said. 'You wouldn't if you'd known the man you were after,' said I—then I shot him."

"Shot him?" repeated Calder.

"That's so," said Zeigler, "and it's been on my mind a bit, for he was a decent chap, only doing his duty; but I feel easier now I've told of it, and told of it to a man who'll never tell."

With that, firing from the knee, Zeigler drilled Calder through the heart.

The report rang along the beach, a sea gull cried from the lagoon, and Zeigler picked Calder's gun from the holster, firing it into the sand. He then dropped the gun by the body and walked back toward his house, turning the corner that had screened them from view.

The mate of the schooner had just brought the shore boat off for the rest of the fruit.

"A man's shot himself down the beach," said Zeigler. "Calder, that big chap you saw yesterday—oh, I reckon it was a love business; he was after the same girl I was after and she chucked him."

"Why, the old man was coming off to marry you this afternoon," said the mate.

"Yes," said Zeigler, "and I reckon that's the reason Calder's lying on the beach; but tell the old man to come all the same, and when he's done with us he can help to plant Calder."

Then he went off to his house to wait for Nalia, sent a Kanaka to keep the birds away from Calder, lit a new cigar, and poured himself out a peg of whisky. He felt a strange sense of relief. The confession had somehow taken the killing of Young off his mind. As to Calder, he had ceased, for the moment, to think of him.

. . . . . .

"It makes it easier for a chap, getting it off one's mind," said Zeigler. "It's all bunkum, of course; just nerves. All the same, I'm easier on the chest now I've told you—and it's funny to think you might go and shout it through the streets of London and it wouldn't matter a tuppenny damn, seeing I'll be out of this shop feet foremost before morning."

THE END

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That's Why They Rarely Agree

An Article by

William Hard

Int. Photo.

THE contest between the personality of Mr. Coolidge and the personality of Mr. Borah is the greatest present political personal spectacle in Washington.

The Senate is, or used to be, "the world's greatest deliberative body"; and Mr. Borah is Chairman of the Senate's highest committee—the Committee on Foreign Relations. In a sense, therefore, Mr. Borah is the second person in the land, just as Mr. Coolidge, being President, is of course the first.

What we witness is a long war between our first person and our second person. And it happens that each of the two is one of the most amazing and mysterious persons living.

Mr. Borah opposes Mr. Coolidge on many topics. He breakfasts with him, lunches with him, dines with him, meets in private conferences with him, and opposes him.

He has opposed him on the central issue of the World Court and he says now that he is going to take that issue and that opposition to the country for the country's verdict. This means that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency against Mr. Coolidge.

Mr. Borah maintains that when Mr. Coolidge got us into the World Court he gave this country away to Europe. No charge could be graver or more vital. If Mr. Borah is right, then Mr. Coolidge is a poor and bad President. And who should succeed him except the man who proves the charge?

So Mr. Borah, whether he admits it or not, is in fact a candidate against Mr. Coolidge.

But does this prevent Mr. Borah from cozily conferring with Mr. Coolidge? Not at all.

And does it prevent Mr. Coolidge from repeatedly inviting Mr. Borah to come to the White House and sit down for a friendly chat? Not at all.

Or did it prevent the White House forces from endorsing Mr. Borah for the Republican nomination for United States Senator from Idaho in the last election? Again, not at all. The White House forces went into the Republican nominating convention in Idaho and backed Mr. Borah against all local opposition, helping greatly to return him to his present seat.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

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"58"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

Mr. Borah is in the Senate with the active approval of Mr. Coolidge; and Mr. Coolidge opposes Mr. Borah on the affairs of Mr. Borah's Senate Committee; and Mr. Borah opposes Mr. Coolidge on those affairs; nevertheless they happily and agreeably confer together.

And there you are; and where are you?

How is this riddle to be read? It has the making of Presidents in it. What is its answer?

The beginning (at least) of the answer is in the personal characters of the two men.

Mr. Borah is a great bookworm. He reads books almost excessively.

Mr. Coolidge is no bookworm at all. He reads books almost excessively rarely.

Mr. Coolidge studies people. While Mr. Borah is reading something new, Mr. Coolidge is getting acquainted with somebody new.

Borah knows every thought that is being thought in this country. Coolidge knows pretty nearly every individual in this country who has ever been suggested to him as politically interesting or valuable.

A Western politician not long ago was summoned to President Coolidge's presence. He said to himself: "Why am I summoned? What is it that I know? I will outline what I know. I will be prepared."

So he got prepared. He was all primed with all his wisdom when he arrived. He approached the President. He exchanged greetings with him. He ate with him. He ate with him for several days. He waited for the President to ask his wisdom.

The President asked him no question on any public issue and gave him no information on any public issue.

It was perfectly clear that all the President wanted was just to continue his personal acquaintance with the politician.

People are always having the following experience with the President:

THEY make an appointment with him. They arrive in his office. They hurry through what they have to say to him. They do not wish to intrude upon his time. They wait for him to say something which will give them their dismissal and allow them to go. He turns in his chair and looks out of the window. He contemplates the trees. He crosses his hands over his waistcoat. He leans back comfortably. He waits for more to be said to him. His visitors wait for him to intimate somehow that the interview is over. They uncomfortably rise. He begins to talk and goes on talking. He dispels the legend that he is Silent Cal. Over and over and over again he will start talking when a visitor is filled with embarrassment for having stayed so long.

He is just simply continuing and developing his personal acquaintanceships. He likes them.

In spite of all his reputation for silence and solitude, Mr. Coolidge in fact lives in a world of acquaintanceships. That is the way—and it is the only way—in which he gets his policies.

Mr. Borah, on the other hand, with all his reputation for being a haranguer of the hearts of the people, lives in a world of bookish thoughts, of abstract issues striving for birth.

Mr. Coolidge takes issues when they have been made in people's minds. Mr. Borah invents them.

Mr. Borah invented the Limitation of Arms Conference in 1921. He put the resolution for it through the Senate. President Harding in fact opposed that resolution. He summoned Senators to the White House to get them to vote against it. Nevertheless Mr. Borah put the resolution through.

But who got the final credit for the Conference? It was not Mr. Borah. It was Mr. Harding.

Mr. Borah did not have the acquaintanceships, he did not have the personal organization, to make the issue finally his. It was his in origin. It was not his in outcome.

Mr. Borah invented this whole present governmental economy issue. In November of 1918, just after the armistice, Mr. Borah rose in the Senate and made a speech in which he thoroughly exposed our governmental extravagance and outlined and demanded and successfully started our whole present rule of economy in governmental affairs.

But who owns the economy issue now? It is not Mr. Borah. It is Mr. Coolidge.

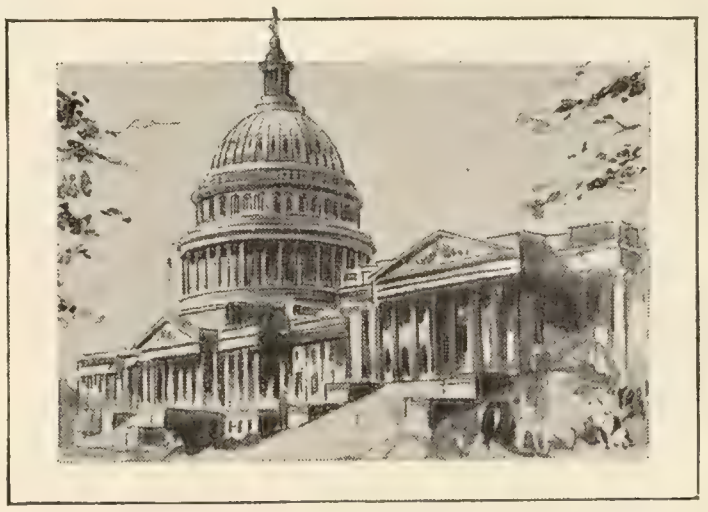
Mr. Coolidge has the personal organization to do it. Mr. Borah has not.

MR. BORAH, besides his Foreign Relations Committee rooms in the Capitol, has three rooms in the Senate Office Building. When you get through his numerous assistants in the first room, and in the second room, and arrive in the third room, you see Mr. Borah busily reading documents which sprawl all over his desk and clutter it up into looking like a jungle.

When you get into Mr. Coolidge's office you see a desk as clear as a billiard table. There is usually just nothing on it at all, except a few rolling balls of presidential appointments to be signed.

But Mr. Borah must read. If his six best friends met to make him President, he probably would excuse himself presently to go away and read something.

Ask Mr. Borah who was the greatest debater that ever lived. He will have a firm opinion. It was Charles James Fox of England.



And what was Fox's greatest speech? Again Mr. Borah will have a firm opinion. He has given it to this writer many times. The supreme debating speech of all human history was on February 3, 1800, in the House of Commons, in London, when Fox debated against William Pitt on the subject of the war with France.

Ask Mr. Coolidge any such questions and you will get a companionly look out of the window at the trees.

That is the difference between the two men. Mr. Borah is a scholar of ideas. Mr. Coolidge is a scholar of human relationships.

Mr. Coolidge loves to dine out. As President, he cannot do it much. As President, he really is not supposed to dine out at all, except with members of the Cabinet and with the Vice President, and perhaps with the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

However, when he was Vice President and a free man, Mr. Coolidge used to dine out all the time.

Mr. Borah hardly ever dines out. His idea of a charming evening is to go to his apartment and re-read the debates in the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

The other night this writer saw Mr. Borah enter a drawing-room at ten o'clock in the evening. Everybody gathered about him to find out what was the matter. Borah out in the evening is a colossal social event in Washington.

Such are the differences between the two men. Now come the resemblances.

The first resemblances between them is that each of them has been willing to be poor.

Mr. Coolidge was never on his way to wealth. Mr. Borah was.

Mr. Borah was once a big corporation lawyer in Idaho. He could have been immensely rich. Instead, he came to the Senate.

Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island was then the Republican leader of the Senate. He gave Mr. Borah some good committee assignments because of Mr. Borah's corporation practice in Idaho.

Then Mr. Borah did something that Mr. Aldrich did not like. Mr. Aldrich wired to Mr. Borah's corporation clients in Idaho to stop him.

They wired back: "He totally resigned from us just as soon as he became Senator."

Mr. Borah lives in Washington in an extremely modest apartment. He has just one luxury. It is a horse. Mr. Borah was born in Illinois. But he went to the Far West. He has no motor car. He goes to the Senate in a street car or on foot.

The second resemblance between him and Mr. Coolidge is that neither seems ever to get bothered by personal enmities.

Mr. Coolidge will invite his foes to go riding with him on his presidential yacht.

Mr. Borah will never personally attack his foes. He never attacked even Woodrow Wilson. He fought Wilson's League of Nations as thoroughly as anybody. He never said one word against Wilson.

ONCE Wilson, in his illness, was riding in his presidential motor car, and he passed Mr. Borah walking. Wilson turned to his companion in his car and said: "There's one Irreconcilable I think sincere."

The other Irreconcilables were just as sincere as Borah. What really moved Wilson was Mr. Borah's impersonal failure to attack him personally.

So we come to the paradoxical reason why Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Borah are friends.

Mr. Coolidge is so personal that he enjoys seeing even his enemies. Mr. Borah is so politically impersonal that he politically does not care whether people are his personal enemies or not.

So they meet. So they confer. So they constantly exchange their views.

What will be the result?

Some people in Washington think that in these personal associations Mr. Coolidge, being a master of personal associations, will take Mr. Borah's political shirt away from him.

Others think that Mr. Borah, being a master of issues, will take all of Mr. Coolidge's arguments to the American people away from him.

In any case, there they are—the two contenders for the Republican nomination! And each locked in the other's arms!

American history depends upon what will happen in the clinches.

THE END

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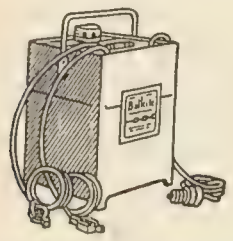

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MEMBER R.M.A.

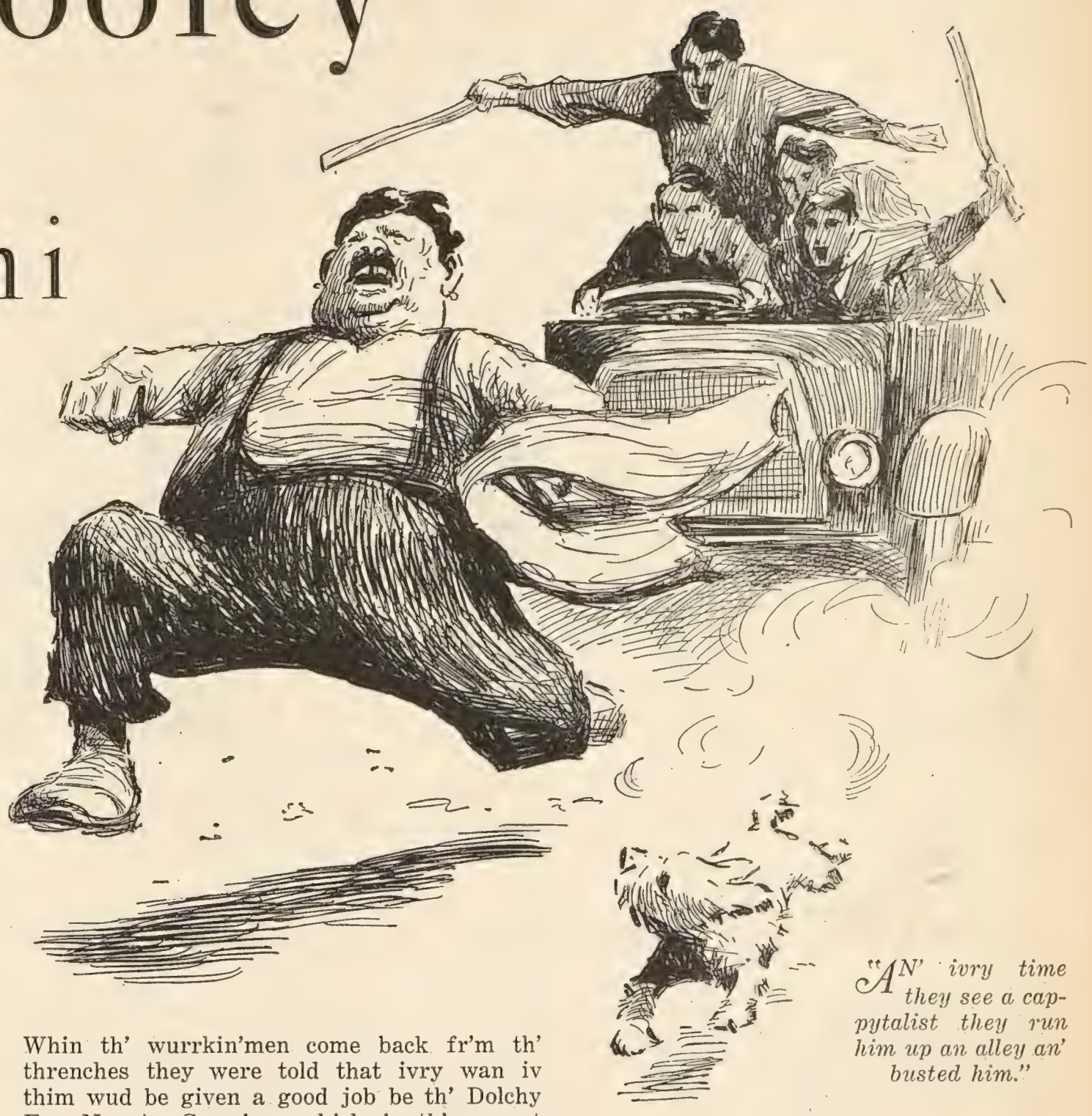
Mr. Dooley on Mussolini

The Italian Dictator's Rampages Offer a Shining Target for Shafts of Genial Satire

By

FINLEY PETER DUNNE

Pictures by E. W. KEMBLE



"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "this here Benito Mussiliny is a statesman afther me own heart. There's no foolishness about that la-ad. It's 'up boys an' at 'em' with him all th' time. It's th' back iv his hand an' th' sole iv his fut to all an' sundhry that don't agree with him. His ordhers to his followers is: 'Don't argue. Give thim a crack in th' jaw.'

"He don't want thim to kill th' opposition statesmen, mind ye. He's too good hearted f'r that. If they happen to turn off a mimber iv Parlymint Benito's very severe with thim.

"Th' other day some iv thim put away a prominint reprisintative iv th' people an' Benito called thim in an' give thim a tur-rble dhressin' down.

"'Ye're old enough to know betther,' he says. 'I'm su'prised that young men iv ye'er bringin' up shud so far f'rget ye'ersilves. If ye want to teach a Sinitor good manners, don't kill him,' he says. 'It isn't thrue that dead men tell no tales. But it's a sure thing that a man with a broken jaw don't,' he says.

"An' as a punishment he give each iv th' young fellows a little bludjon an' sint thim to th' school f'r assault an' batthry to practice what is called bastinaturo in stilo, or fash'nable whackin' on a dummy marked 'Karl Marx.' In time orathry is goin' to be a lost art in Italy."

"What ar-re th' Fa-cistys?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Ye don't say it right," said Mr. Dooley. "Jovanny, th' barber, tells me it's 'Fa-cheesty.' But don't ask him to pronounce it f'r ye. I did an' he blew off me hat with th' sicond syllable. Jovanny ain't a mimber iv it. He's a fam'ly man an' chairman iv th' boord iv discipline iv th' Benivolent an' Protective Ordher iv th' Mafia, but he's too gentle to jine th' Fascistys.

"He tells me they started afther th' war whin things were not goin' very well in Italy. Whin th' wurrkin'men come back fr'm th' threnches they were told that ivry wan iv thim wud be given a good job be th' Dolchy Far Nyenty Comp'ny, which is th' gr-reat Eyetalyan industhree, d'ye mind, like th' Steel Comp'ny over here.

"Th' employees iv this concern have nawthin' to do but set in th' shade iv a wall an' play on a mandolin an' sing 'Funiculee funicula.' But instead iv endin' their days in this here conjanyal pursoot th' gallant fellows found they'd have to go to wurruk at plasthrin' an' bricklayin' an' th' like iv that if they expicted to have a mess iv broccoli f'r supper.

"An', nachrally, they kicked. They become Bolshevists an' seized th' facthries they were invited to wurruk in, an' p'raded th' sthreets iv Venice in gondolas carryin' signs, 'Down with Cappytal' an' 'Give us wurruk or Chianty Veechio.' An' ivry time they see a cappytalist they run him up an alley an' busted him.

"Well, sir, this kind iv fractiousness cudd'nt go on f'river. So along come little Ben Mussiliny an' put a stop to it. Ben had th' makin's iv a rough consarvitive, f'r he is a reformed Socyalist. Afther wurrukin' at a thrade ontil he was fourteen he detarmined to spind th' rest iv his life redhressin' th' wrongs iv th' wurrukin' classes. So he started a Socyalist newspaper.

"There's nawthin' like a Socyalist newspaper to redhress wrongs. Th' way it does it is be inflictin' wrongs on ivrybody else. It's like as though Doc Larkin was to come in to look at me broken leg. 'Who broke ye'er leg?' says he. 'I don't know but I think it was Hinnissy,' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'I can't help ye'er leg. I'll have to let Nature take its coorse. But I'll go out an' break Hinnissy's.'

"AN' ivry time they see a cappytalist they run him up an alley an' busted him."

"But Benito found he cudd'nt make his polenta out iv redhressin' th' wrongs iv th' wurrukin' classes. Th' compytition was too hot. All th' other Socyalists ownded newspapers iv their own. 'Twas in vain that he give away a box iv bombs with each year's subscription an' printed directions so that a child iv six cud blow up th' gas house. Th' on'y circylation iv his journal was what th' linotype man took home to wrap up his dinner in th' next day an' what he sint to th' iditors iv th' other pa-apers.

"His succiss was gratifyin'. In th' coorse iv a year he took in over th' counther no less thin three hundherd thousan' copies iv his loathsome contimpries; but whin he thried to pay off th' pressman with a copy iv *Th' Shriek iv th' Opprissed,* th' reckless mechanic threw his shoe into th' masheen an' wint home.

"ABOUT this time Benito see a gr-reat light. Sthrange to say he see it in a bank. In th' coorse iv his wandhrin' he sthrayed into wan iv these gr-reat institutions out iv curyosity. An' whin he come out he was a convarted man. He'd had a change iv heart. Yes, sir; fr'm bein' wan iv th' mos' vi'lent vox populis in th' whole wurruld he became th' most turbylint consarvitive ye'd meet annywhere.

"Whin Benito Mussiliny emarged fr'm th' money changers', wan iv his ol' assocyates met him an' ast him to a party th' boys were get-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MR. DOOLEY ON MUSSOLINI
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

tin' up to set fire to th' public lib'ry. Benito give him a clump on th' head an told him to go to wurruk.

"Thin he started th' Fascistys. His thrainin' as a Socyalist was a good thing f'r him. A Socyalist niver argues with ye. It's again' his principles. It's a sthrange thing, Hinnissy, that ivrybody who hopes to turn this wurruld into a Garden iv Eden wants to begin be clubbin' people to death. Larkin, who's a Socyalist, says to me: 'Wurrukin'men shud r-run th' govermint.' I say, 'Idlers are betther thrained f'r th' job.' He don't argue. He swings on me. He says: 'Th' value iv a hat is th' labor I put into it.' I says: 'Th' value iv a hat is how much I want it.' An' he thries to kill me.

"So Benito, bein' thrained as a Socyalist, acted accoordin'ly whin he took up consarvitism as a thrade Th' Fascisty, Jovanny tells me, ar-re named afther a little bundle iv sticks.

"IT seems that in ancient Rome whin th' King wint out to take th' air a squad iv specyal polismen called lickters marched ahead iv him to clear th' way. They carri'd a bunch iv rods with an ax stuck in th' top iv it.

"If anny ancient Roman wudd'nt move on they took out a rod an' give him a lick or two. Hence th' name. If th' crowd got too obsthreperous they used th' ax, as th' polis carried no firearms in those days. It's a gr-reat thing to know histhry, Hinnissy.

"Whin he started most iv th' people in Italy had been thumped be th' Socyalists. It was all right at first, f'r thin they on'y mauled th' bankers. But bimeby they whaled ivrybody, rich an' poor alike, an' people got tired iv bein' clouted with a two-be-four because they didn't believe what's called th' millen-yum wud come if ye put th' counthry in th' hands iv th' Bricklayers' Union. They'd rather have a broken skull thin read Karl Marx anny day, but they didn't see why they shud suffer ayether injury to their mind.

"'Twas to this large class iv his compathreets that Benito made his appeal. 'Boys,' he says, 'how'd ye like to spind th' rest iv ye'er life hammerin' Socyalists?' They give three rousin' cheers an' j'ined th' colors. All th' unyform they wear is a black shirt, an' how their leaders can tell thim apart fr'm th' Socyalists Jovanny cudd'nt say.

"If I was an Eyetalian I'd be a Fascisty. Ye bet I wud. There's nawthin' I'd like betther thin not to have to sind me shirt to th' laundhry.

"But it wasn't on'y th' rough-an'-tumble argymints iv th' Socyalists that th' Black Shirt boys used. They showed, be their injinooty, that they were betther sooted f'r governin' th' nation thin' th' oncultivated mechanics.

"If a statesman or a iditor got too gay they called on him, took him be th' hair, an' threated him to a bottle iv casthor ile. Yes, sir; they poored a quart iv this sovereign remedy f'r pride an' dignity into th' bold fellow an' whin he dhragged himsilf back to Parlymint he didn't have th' stren'th to raise a point iv ordher.

"'Twas a nate idee iv Benito's an' wan that places him among th' consthructive statesmen iv our eera. Ye may make a martyr iv a man be killin' him or lockin' him up. But no man will iver make a pilgramage to his grave because he's took an overdose iv casthor ile. I hope th' day will not come whin Benito will have to quaff a fiaschy iv this panacee. But ye niver can tell.

"An' now, Hinnissy, Italy is at peace. Th' leaders iv th' proletoorio ar-re hidin' in th' cellar or acrost th' bordher in Switzerland.

"They gallop to their labors pursooed be th' Comity f'r th' Relief iv Unemploymint ar-rmed with ax-helves."

Most iv th' Socyalists has jined th' Fascistys, bein' as they were on'y Socyalists because it give thim a chanst to take a punch at their neighbors without bein' molested be th' polis. Ivrybody is wurrukin' in the gr-reat land an' no wan sings or dances or plays th' guitar.

"Th' wurrukin'men don't wind their weary way to th' facthries. They gallop to their labors pursooed be th' Comity f'r th' Relief iv Unemploymint ar-rmed with ax-helves. An' they don't need no alarm clock to wake thim up, but at a quarther iv six a dillygation iv Fascistys pulls th' matthress out fr'm undher thim an' th' artisan, afther makin' a hasty breakfast iv an onion an' a bottle iv Orvieto, sprints to th' mill.

"ME fri'nd Benito can survey th' scene an' layin' his hand on a flagon iv th' jooce iv th' casthor bean say: 'We done it.' There's no wan opposed to him now. The longest speech anny mimber iv th' opposition has made in a year is 'Sind f'r th' doctor.'

"An' where's th' King iv Italy all this time, says ye? He's all right. He don't bother Benito an' Benito don't bother him. He's up at th' palace collectin' rare coins.

"He's had thim iver since. He nearly passed wan wanst on a blind man on th' corner but th' crafty ol' lazarony heerd th' flop iv th' coin in his cup an' yelled f'r th' polis to pinch Flaherty f'r passin' countherfeit money.

"Some day Benito will crown himsilf. He won't call himsilf king, though. He's a modest man but not as shy as all that. He'll be impror at laste an' there'll be statues iv him in front iv th' City Hall. It's his gin'ral idee that Italy shud be like Rome in th' ol' days, with a cayzar be th' name iv Benito at th' top iv it, mebbe wearin' a sheet around him like Joolyus Cayzar whin I see him at th' Academy iv Music on Halstead Sthreet years ago.

"'Twud be a gr-reat thing if Italy was like ancient Rome again, f'r a fine, jovyal place that was, where ivrybody had a good time breakin' up iv benches an' girdin' up iv loins—'an' the chestnuts glowed in th' embers an' th' kids turned round to spit,' as th' pote says in th' Third Reader.

"An' ivry afthernoon pah an' mah made th' childher wash up an' took thim down to th' Collyseeum to see th' Christyan martyrs et up be th' Numidyan lines, which was much betther f'r th' little wans thin bein' took to th' movies to see a lady vampin' a millyonaire's son in an all-night resthrant. Between th' acts th' gladyators come out an' sparred with soords an' pitchforks an' there was niver a dhraw but ivry bout wint to a finish.

"THAT'S what me an' Benito wants to see again. If it comes, may I be there whin Cayzar Augustus Benito wraps his toga about him an' hops out iv th' impeeryal box th' way th' ancient imprors did an' takes on th' Champ iv all Africa, that don't know it but his soord is made iv tin. It was a gr-reat joke on th' simple barbaryan whin his weepon crumpled again Cayzar's breastplate an' th' jovial monarch pushed a yard iv steel into his stomach. Loud an' long was th' laughter iv th' gall'ry. Ah-ha, thim were th' days.

"Yes, sir, th' idee iv me gr-reat an' good fri'nd is to restore th' glories iv ancient Rome which conkered all th' wurruld excipt Ireland, that it didn't know about, an' England, where it started a Good Roads Assocyation an' thin wint home to get warm.

"Faith, it wudd'nt surprise me if th' time come whin ye'll see him paradin' up th' Appyan Way with King George an' Cal Coolidge han'cuffed to th' back iv his autymobill an' th' boys throwin' rocks an' lemons at thim, as th' childher did at th' conkered monarchs in th' brave days iv old.

"Benito says he can make Italy th' gr-reatest impire that histhry iver see. If ye ask him how he's goin' to do it, says he: 'Didn't I make th' Eyetalian railroads run on time?' That's th' proudest boast that anny man has made in my day, but Flaherty says he'll bet it ain't thrue.

"He says, says Flaherty, that Italy is th' land iv miracles. More miracles has happened in anny little Eyetalian village thin in all th' State iv Ioway, where th' on'y miracle they believe in is that a Republican administration is good f'r th' corn crop. He believes thim all, but this wan he won't stand f'r.

"He says he was wanst on an Eyetalian thrain that wint back to Florence because a lady passenger had f'rgot to say good-by to her child. On th' way to Rome th' injineer got out iv th' injine to pluck wild flowers in a meadow. Whin an Eyetalian conductor wants th' injineer to go fasther he signals him to back up.

"Flaherty tells me they don't say what hour a thrain will come in but what month. Ye go down to th' deepo to meet th' May 30th an' th' fellow with th' migaphone hollers out: 'Thrain forty-two, doo on May 30th, will arive Janooary 1st on thrack ilivan, p'r'aps.' He says that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

All Work and No Play doesn't suit the World Today

Paramount provides more and better entertainment for the people of today than any human beings ever saw before.

Let your own theatre show you Paramount Pictures and keep your dates with the good time houses.

Harold Lloyd in
"For Heaven's Sake!"
Directed by Sam Taylor

This star's pictures are produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation and now released by Paramount. You have undoubtedly enjoyed Harold Lloyd's previous pictures and Paramount is proud to welcome him to its great entertainment family. His ideals and Paramount's are for clean, wholesome entertainment. Ask your theatre manager to get "For Heaven's Sake!" as early as possible. It contains so much comedy that your sides will ache.

When you know what Paramount has You seek what Paramount shows

Anyone who enjoys great motion pictures and checks up where they come from, keeps a sharp eye on Paramount's production program.

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Here are six current Paramount Pictures you will enjoy to the last fade-out:

"BEHIND THE FRONT"
with Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton and Mary Brian

An Edward Sutherland Production from a story "Spoils of War" by Hugh Wiley. Here is the comic side of Army life in wartime picturized in a way that is making all America hold its sides.

"THE GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER"
A Malcolm St. Clair Production

with Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor. From the play by Alfred Savoir. An aristocratic love-comedy set in the midst of the brilliant carnival of Paris night life. Here's a trip to Paris that gives you more of the gay city than many a traveller gets.

Zane Grey's
"THE VANISHING AMERICAN"

with RICHARD DIX, Lois Wilson, Noah Beery and Malcolm McGregor. Directed by George B. Seitz. Zane Grey's epic of the Indian ranks with The Covered Wagon in fateful power and excitement. Don't miss the mighty duel of Copperskin and White Man!

"THE SONG AND DANCE MAN"
A Herbert Brenon Production

with Tom Moore, Bessie Love and Harrison Ford. From George M. Cohan's famous comedy success. Real romance lives and throbs within the make-believe of stage life, human beings loving and fighting and hoping behind the grease-paint.

"DANCING MOTHERS"

A Herbert Brenon Production. Starring Conway Tearle, Alice Joyce and Clara Bow. This is the Paramount picturization of the famous stage play by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding which set all New York talking about the neglected wife who dances her way to freedom and love. Mere material prosperity divorced from happy, human comradeship will never chain any real woman, and "Dancing Mothers" shows you why in a show worthy of Paramount's greatest traditions.

Produced by
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City

The Trade Mark of Romance — Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"

Truth About Buying That Every Woman Should Know

ALFRED P. HAAKE, Ph. D.

One-time Professor of Economics, University of Wisconsin.

Director of Research, The Simmons Company —National Authority on Distribution.

"A very careful analysis of the comparative values of a number of lines of goods sold both through stores and by canvassers causes me to say that there is absolutely no question but that women who buy from stores receive more for their money.

"Exceedingly plausible sales talks have caused many women to hold the erroneous and costly belief that they can buy more cheaply from agents than from the retail store.

"They are given the impression that goods sold at the door cost less 'because a number of profits are wiped out.' What they are not told is that the commission paid the canvasser is of necessity much larger than the regular profit of the merchant.

"All investigations show, and any woman who will investigate can prove it for herself, that dollar for dollar, the retail store gives the greater value."

Alfred P. Haake

Pronounced "Hockey"

THE above quotation by this eminent authority on distribution is published in the interests of retail merchants everywhere—and that the public may know that money buys more at the retail store.

THE OSBORN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
INCORPORATED
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Osborn Brushes

Know Them by the Blue Handle

NEVER SOLD FROM DOOR TO DOOR.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]
if Benito told th' saint who said she believed something because it cudd'nt possibly be thrue, if he told this good lady that he'd made th' Eyetalian thrains run on time she'd thry to exorcise th' divvle out iv him.

"HOGAN, who wanst spint a month in Italy an' has been talkin' about it iver since, is sore on Mussiliny an' th' Socyalists an' ivry Eyetalian whose name ye see in th' pa-apers. 'They're goin' to desthroy Italy—my Italy,' he says. 'What?' says he. 'Do they want to make a New York out iv Rome an' a Pittsburgh out iv Florence, with mebbe smoke poorin' out iv facthry chimbleys in Perugy an' jackknife bridges acrost th' canals iv Venice? Th' divvle fly away with th' coorse-fisted, bunglin' idjits,' he says.

"'Ah,' says he, 'Ye ought to've seen Italy as I see it whin a boy. Ye'd set in front iv a resthrant, with a furlong or two iv spaghetti in front iv ye, an' a fiaschy iv wine that held two quarts an' cost ye three cints. If th' waither see ye start to dhrink a glass iv wather he'd dash th' pizened chalice fr'm ye'er lips. Th' sun is shinin' in th' bluest sky in th' wurruld; onions an' little figs ar-re hangin' out to dhry fr'm th' windows iv th' houses; ivrybody that goes by is tellin' a funny story to a fri'nd; there ar-re hundherds iv th' clargy in big wide hats paddlin' around an' flocks iv seminaryans in cassocks an' buckled shoes; th' air is full iv th' perfume iv roses an' garlic.

"'A pretty girl comes up an' sells ye a bunch iv vi'lets, an' now and thin a l'adin' citizen bursts into song as he goes to his office an' nobody thinks iv lockin' him up, f'r ivry Eyetalian can sing betther thin th' best singer iver turned out be an American conservatory.

"'If ye wanted to escape fr'm ye'er Eyetalian fri'nds ye wint to church. If ye sought other divarsions there were th' cattycombs, where ye cud see hundherds iv thousan's iv skeletons; or ye cud go over to th' forum an' stand on th' very identical spot where Joolyus Cayzar was slewn be Brutus an' others; or if ye wanted to ye took a cab out to th' counthry and see th' Eyetalian maidens dancin' on th' grapes, an' th' dusty olive threes on th' hillsides, an' th' flowers poppin' through th' flags in th' cloister iv St. Paul's outside th' walls.

"'At night ye cud go to the gran' opry; but ye didn't need to do that, f'r ivrything was gran' opry in Italy, fr'm th' Parlymint to th' boys hawkin' chestnuts in th' sthreets: an' a sthranger in a hotel in Naples cud lie awake at night with a bottle iv eucalyptus f'r th' fleas, an' hear half th' popylation singin' "Oh Solo Me" as good as Jawn McCormick.

"'An' now it's all gone, I s'pose, an' Mussiliny will be givin' six-day bicycle races in St. Pether's an' grantin' a concession in th' cattycombs to a fertilizin' comp'ny. Farewell,' he says, 'addio cara picolo molto bello Italia irredente,' he says, blowin' a kiss at th' thransom.

"I don't know what he meant but it must've been a Eyetalian joke, f'r Jovanny, who was shavin' me at th' time, laughed so he nearly cut off th' tip iv me Roman nose.

"It's all right f'r Hogan to feel that way. He don't live in Italy an' have to make a livin' there. But th' Eyetalians do an' they don't like their counthry to be threated as though it had just been blown down be a cyclone an' have it swarmed over be relic-hunters. It's discouragin' to thim to wait f'r an American millyonaire, expictin' him to acquire an inthrest in th' new steel plant, an' find that he's come four thousan' miles to buy a statue with its nose knocked off an' wan leg gone, that he's goin' to put up on his lawn in place iv th' iron deer that he bought befure his tannery was a succiss an' art was new to him.

"It was a gr-reat joke on th' simple barbaryan whin his weapon crumpled again' Cayzar's breast plate an' th' jovial monarch pushed a yard of steel into his stomach."

"HOW'D ye feel if ye was chairman iv th' Village Improvement S'ciety in Mantua an' ye heerd an excursion was comin' an' ye put up a sign, 'Welcome Forestiery,' an' ye wint down to the deepo to meet thim with a band an' expicted to give thim a dinner at th' Kiwanis Club an' show thim th' new bullyvard system an' th' electhric light plant an' the stockyards an' th' dhrainage canal an' th' meedieval furniture facthry—what wud ye say if ye found that all they wanted to see was th' bones iv ye'er ancestors or th' shrine iv some saint that on'y ye'er wife knew about?

"No, sir; Italy ain't all gondoleers, night-ingales, an' old masthers. It's a progressive counthry an' if th' inhabitants want Venice to look more like Butte, Montana, on a rainy day that's their business, not mine. I used to think all Eyetalians was potes or opry singers or barbers or 'arned a livin' windin' a hand organ an' sindin' Jocko up on th' front stoop with a tin cup in his hand. But I know betther now, f'r all around I see thim engaged in sturdy pursoots. They're bankers an' lawyers, prize-fighters, aldhermen, an' gunmen.

"IF ye look over their naytional charackters ye'll see a list that's finer thin anny other counthry can projooce. They've had all th' popes, to begin with, bar three or four. An' that alone puts thim on first base. Look at their gr-reat men, Joolyus Cayzar, Napolyon Bonypart, Garrybaldi, Benito Mussoliny, Rocky Kansas—why, I cud go on namin' thim be th' hour.

"Iffiminate Latins, says ye! Look out iv th' window, will ye? Ar-re thim girlish figures plyin' pick an' shovel an' makin' holes in th' sthreet f'r th' gas comp'ny? Is there an' Irish or other native face amongst thim? Divvle th' wan. Yet twinty years ago ye wud scorn to have a giny on th' job but th' la-ad with th' wather pail. That shows how th' she wolf's letther, as th' pote calls thim, ar-re makin' sthrides in industhree.

"Gael as I am an' proud iv' th' race, there niver was wan iv us, in our pa'miest days, that cud flourish th' pick with gr-reater art thin these sunny sons iv Italy. They've wrinched th' lorls fr'm ye'er brow, an' fr'm mine, me boy, an' don't ye f'rget it."

"I wondher," said Mr. Hennessy, "whin Mussiliny will have to step up f'r his dose out iv th' bottle?"

"I was thinkin' iv that," said Mr. Dooley. "Thim that take up th' soord shall perish be th' soord. An' I s'pose that goes f'r th' casthor-ile bottle too."

The catastrophes of the conceited give Mr. Dooley a gleeful opportunity for jubilation. He talks on Pride in the next issue of Liberty and every line is a laugh.

5 *Definite* AFTER-SHAVING *Comforts*

AFTER your morning shave, do you dust your face with powder? Or do you simply rinse off the lather? Either is wrong. Powders rob the skin of natural moisture—the newly-shaven skin needs special care.

That is why Williams specialists perfected Aqua Velva—to give the necessary protection to a shaver's face.

Here's what it does

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
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5. It conserves needed moisture in the skin (powders absorb this—leave the skin dry). Aqua Velva keeps it as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Try Aqua Velva at our expense; mail the coupon for generous trial bottle, free. Aqua Velva costs 50c for the large 5-ounce bottle (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it. Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

For use after shaving

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Please send me free trial bottle of Aqua Velva.

Lib. 3-27

AUBURN

SUCCESS

The policy of the Auburn Automobile Company is to continually strive to build each and every car better, so that it will always run satisfactorily and maintain its maximum efficiency. We adhere rigidly to the sound policies that have made great successes such as Cadillac and Dodge. Fundamentally a motor car is transportation. As such, it must be so well built as to endure with an extreme minimum of petty annoyances and also protect the owner's investment by an extremely high resale value. Resale value depends first upon the up-to-date external appearance, second upon internal appearance and third upon performance. Only the most scrupulous quality methods and meticulous attention to every detail can produce such a fine car. Auburn's remarkable success is built firmly upon this policy—not upon attempts to divert the buyer's attention from fundamentals by trick appearance, trick feats of performance or trick prices. The reward for this policy is found in the inalienable goodwill of Auburn owners and in Auburn's rapid growth.

On March first last year Auburn had unfilled orders representing a valuation of $75,000.00—today over $8,000,000.00. Our factory sales increased 200% in 1925. We expect this year an increase of 300%.

Auburn has greatly enlarged its production capacity, and conservative estimates indicate a public demand for over $35,000,000.00 worth of Auburn cars in 1926.

Despite the hectic "price cutting war," which Auburn predicted in 1925, Auburn prices were not reduced during that entire period and our sales increased from month to month because Auburn gave the greatest value for the least commensurate cost at the START of the year. Again Auburn continues the policy in 1926 of giving the greatest value for the least cost.

In contrast to superlatives in advertising and extravagant sales-talk Auburn simply says: See, drive, test, and compare the new Auburn. If it does not sell itself on sheer merit, you will not be asked to buy.

—E. L. CORD
President

8-88 Sedan . . . . 8-88 Brougham . . 8-88 Roadster . . . 8-88 Coupe . . . . 6-66 Sedan . . . . . 6-66 Brougham . . .
6-66 Roadster . . . 6-66 Coupe . . . . 4-44 Sedan . . . . . 4-44 Roadster . . . 4-44 Coupe . . . .

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Auburn, Indiana*

The Black Cousin

A Serial of Love, Laughter, Mystery, and a Feud Fought to the Death for a Vast Fortune

By

Clarence Budington Kelland

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

HARRIES touched Isabel Estey's hand, lifted it, pressed it between his own.

"Princess, do you love me?"

The hand he held tightened around his fingers.

"I love you," she said fiercely, "so that I could kill you if you did not love me in return. But that is all. That is the end."

Worthington Harries and his chum Rhino Pung had been hurled into adventure when John Hard, friend of Rhino's father, was killed before their eyes—stabbed on a homeward-bound steamer by a long-haired, half-nude creature who escaped by diving into the sea.

Before he died Hard had murmured: "*Principessa* [Princess] . . . Ringboro . . . *la Cugina Nera*" [the Black Cousin].

So Rhino and Worthington hurried to the New England village of Ringboro and there they actually found a princess—Italian, black-haired, and beautiful—who called herself Principessa d'Este and was known to the town as Miss Estey.

Worthington Harries promptly fell in love with this raven-haired beauty, though Rhino sounded a warning.

The Princess had come to take over the great estate and mansion of her late uncle, Micah Estey. In the mansion with her lived an elderly fop, Monsieur Floresta. Who was he? Rhino asked. And who were his two henchmen, Zagari and Marocco, and the dark-skinned, half-nude Thing hiding in the woods? Above all, who was the Black Cousin?

Mystified, Rhino Pung went exploring. He discovered that a fair-haired girl was imprisoned in the old Estey manson. Miss Estey, challenged, declared that the captive was "the Black Cousin" (named from her black heart), who had plotted to get the Estey money.

Quietly Rhino Pung bought up the land that linked the Estey estate to the holdings of the Ringboro Power Company. With this trump card in his hand he announced to Worthington Harries:

"Miss Estey is *not* Miss Estey. The fair-haired prisoner is the real Princess."

But, infatuated and unheeding, Harries rushed to Miss Estey to declare his love. As she answered in impassioned words, Floresta, behind a bush, stood listening, amazed.

Floresta recognized the face as that of Giacomo Marocco, who should have been in Sicily.

CHAPTER SIX

IT is a fact well known to many that a young man, upon hearing the object of his affections admit her love for him, will disregard qualifications to the admission. The fact suffices. She loves him and all else is negligible. It was so with Worthington Harries

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Liquid Granite FLOOR VARNISH

to days—more wear by far than the linoleum in your home receives in years and years—and then the test strips of linoleum were taken to the laboratory.

Varnish printed linoleum

Even the expensive oil paints used to print the pretty designs on Armstrong's Printed Linoleum will wear longer if you protect them with a coat of good clear varnish.

For those interested we have prepared a FREE booklet

Excerpt from a Linoleum Advertisement

Doubles the Life of Linoleum

Good linoleum retains its freshness and beauty, and lasts for years, when occasionally refinished with Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite Floor Varnish.

Your advantage in using this particular varnish lies in its unsurpassed, if not actually unequalled, durability.

One coat of Liquid Granite outlasts several coats of ordinary varnish. It is this wear-resisting quality you need. Kitchen floors receive exceptional use. Millions of steps are taken along definite paths between cabinet, table, stove and sink.

Wherever a beautiful finish of unusual durability is desired, you will save money, time and effort by using Liquid Granite. Also you will have the satisfaction of getting the utmost value in varnish that money can buy. There's a Berry dealer near you.

Here's Floor Varnish That Wears!

"Save the surface and you save all" – [illegible]

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

Varnishes Enamels Stains

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London, 367 Strand, W. C.; Paris, 54 Rue de Paris Charenton; Berlin, Potsdamerstrasse 29; Turin, 10 Via Arcivescovado

"RHINO, the fat's in the fire! She's the woman for me. I know it."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

When he heard the Princess say that their love must come to an end, he did not heed.

His impulse was to be near her. He moved forward out of his chair so that one knee touched the floor, while his arms were ready to draw her to him. There was no word. She sat erect, head back, tense, vibrant, hands pressed to bosom—the posture of a woman who gives herself to love.

But she was strong, this girl, of admirable resolution, capable even in this emergency of commanding herself. She trembled, yearned, but was resolute.

"I have said I love you. I will not deny. It is true—true; but——"

She stopped and for an instant he saw her teeth, white between her lips and set. "Oh, why am I in all things like other women, capable of love, desiring love—but barred from giving myself in love! There was enough without that. I hate life—I hate living."

Harries' voice was harsh, not with unkindness or suspicion but with anxiety. "I—perhaps I understand. But first, before I ask anything, suggest anything, I want to tell you where I stand. Whatever *is*—whatever dreadful thing exists, if any exists—I am on your side. I am here to help. I am yours. Do you understand?"

"I—hear," she said.

"Wherever it leads, whatever the result, I am on your side," he said, repeating his assurance. "But I must know the truth."

"What truth?" Her head and shoulders moved forward slowly as she waited for his answer.

"Are you," he found courage to ask, "Isabella, Principessa d'Este, or are you *la Cugina Nera*—the Black Cousin?"

She gasped. Again the bush behind which Monsieur Floresta eavesdropped was agitated.

Harries waited. She did not reply. He continued to wait—was determined to stand, immobile and silent, until she should make some reply.

Then she laughed and it was well done. It did not reassure Monsieur Floresta but it gave him temporary gratification.

"Who," she demanded, "said a thing so absurd?"

"Is it true or is it not true?" he persisted.

"I am here," she said, "identified and accepted by your law. Did I not have to give proofs?"

She must have had to do so, to produce evidence of her identity, before the courts permitted her to assume the inheritance. But even so he was not content.

"You have not answered," he said.

"To a question so grotesque," she said, "there can be no answer."

"IS the girl with golden hair in that room upstairs the Principessa d'Este?" he demanded.

"She is my enemy," said the girl.

"Then she is mine," said Harries. "But that is not the point. Listen to me. If these suspicions have touched the truth, then you need me. If you have done a great wrong, it is because somehow you have been coerced into the doing of it—I do not know how or why.

"My job is to save you from the penalties. I am here to do that—to urge you, if you have taken this wealth as an impostor, to give it up.

"It will be easy. Give over this wild, impossible thing. There can be but one result. Give it up here and now—and disappear. With me!"

"Hush," she said, looking around her again apprehensively.

"You will come?"

"Then you—believe?" she asked.

He nodded his head sadly.

"I know!" he said. "I am convinced. But I do not care. Come. Now—tonight."

"No."

"You shall. You must!"

She smiled.

"Do you think," she asked ironically, "we should live to reach the gates?"

"I knew," he said. "I knew that was it."

"It? I do not understand."

"That you have been coerced into this; threatened somehow; compelled. By this man Floresta."

"Hush," she said again. "It is not safe to speak——"

He paused.

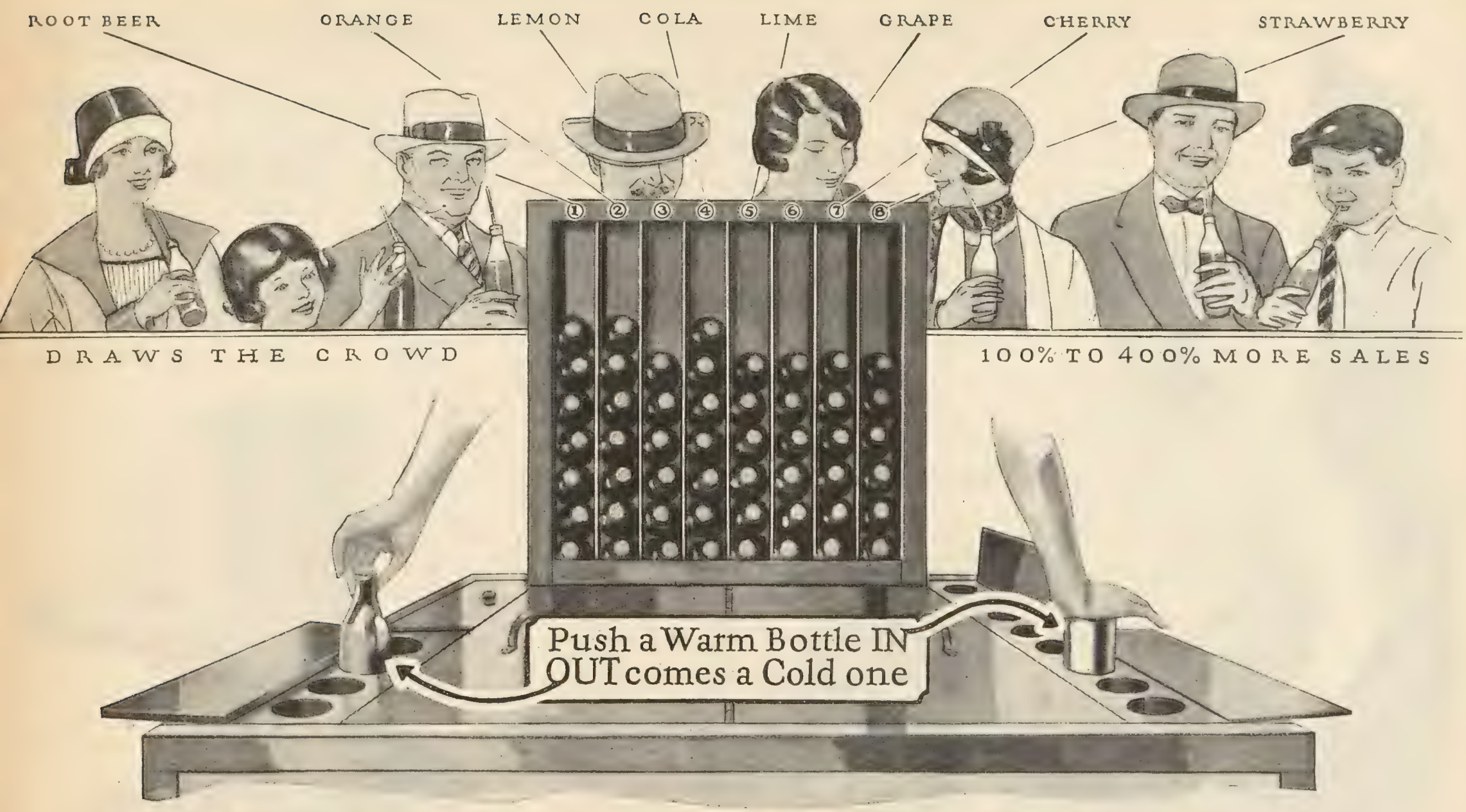
"My dear," he said, then, "this is America, not Sicily. A thing like this can't happen here. It's absurd. You can't get away with it."

"But," she said, "supposing what you suspect to be true, have I not, as you say, gotten away with it? You see?"

"No," he said; "you have only commenced it. Princess, the game isn't worth the candle. What are a few dollars?"

"I want money—true. If— Oh, you do not know as I do what it means to be without

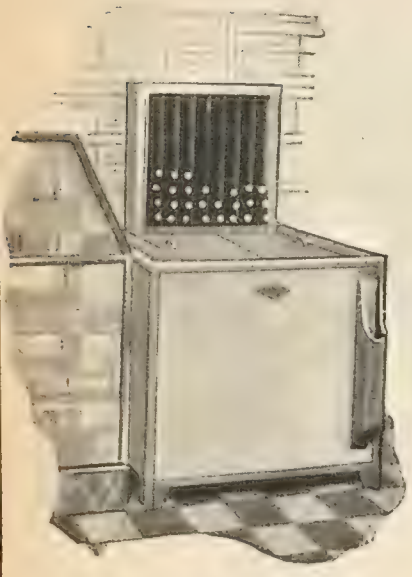
[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]



Sell cold Bottled Drinks through this new Servitor

the clean, quick, money-making way

Up to $675 monthly profit and more from a little waste floor space 30 x 35 inches



What's Your Business? Is it Here?

Drug Stores, Cigar Stores, Groceries, Clubs, Theatres, Play Grounds, Candy Stores, Fair Grounds, Amusement Parks, Railroad Stations, Office Buildings, Chain Stores, Bowling Alleys, Billiard Parlors, Gas Filling Stations, Waiting Rooms, Roadside Inns and Stands—many of which never sold bottled drinks before—report $10 to $90 profits a day. Mail coupon for full details and easy terms.

THIS sensational innovation—the Liquid Bottle Servitor—is opening up a rich vein of profit for stores and stands of every description through the sale of cold Bottled Drinks. The Quick Service Station, Shamrock, Texas, cleared $26.10 in a day. Breymaier & Marx, Schenectady, N. Y., sold 4800 bottles in one day with two Servitors and made $90 profit. The Servitor profits of M. B. Siegel, Chicago Cigar Merchant, averaged $22.81 the first ten days.

A Trade Magnet

Actual records like these are pouring in from all points of the country, regardless of size or location of stores. You can't compute the money that is waiting for you until you operate this little treasure chest. Its novel operation excites interest and draws the crowd. It serves perfectly chilled Bottled Drinks, *cold* and *appetizing*. It does this *quickly* and *cleanly*. People *always* get the flavor they first ask for.

Waste Space Becomes Money

The Liquid Bottle Servitor is attractively finished in gray enamel with nickel trimmings. Eight cooling tubes for 8 different flavors hold 9 bottles each—72 in all. A reserve rack above holds 72 more, making a total of 144 bottles within arm's reach. Yet the actual space occupied is only 30 x 35 inches—and this returns profits up to $675 per month and higher.

3 Seconds Serves a Drink

All you have to do to serve a drink is—(1) Take a bottle of the flavor ordered from the reserve rack above. (2) Push the warm bottle into the cooling tube containing the same flavor, and out comes a cold one on the opposite side. (3) Uncrown and serve. Three seconds and a drink is served, another bottle is being chilled, and a repeat customer is made.

Easy Terms—Pays for Itself

Over 6,000 Servitors are now earning amazing profits. The price is only $100 and plenty of time to pay. Many have paid for the Servitor right out of the money it brought them. 5 Days' profits did it for one owner. Another paid for his from the saving on ice.

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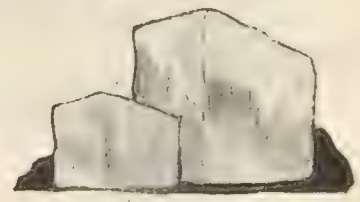

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

money! But *this* money! Pah! For this money I do not care. I do not give the snap of a finger."

"Who," Harries demanded suddenly, "is Floresta?"

"A man. A friend."

"Some friend!" said Harries. "How has he fastened himself upon you? My dear! You can trust me. Tell me the whole yarn and give me a chance to get the snarl out of it."

"Trust you—yes." She shook her head slowly, with finality. "But tell you, go with you—no. It is a thing impossible. I ask you to see. Let us suppose this thing is true and I am not Isabella d'Este. What then? In law I am Isabella. What was hers is mine. You suspect but that is all, and you cannot harm me."

"But don't you see," he said in the tone one uses to make himself clear to a child, "there is Rhino."

"Rhino?"

"You know that he knows. I do not know how much but more than I. And you do not understand Rhino. He will never give up."

"His father," said the girl, "was a terrible man."

"I think," said Harries, "that Rhino is terrible, too."

"His father won," said the girl, "but in the end he lost. But for his father there would be no question here. Did you know, my friend, that this other Rhino loved a Principessa d'Este and was loved by her? He won for her the title, the headship of the family, what wealth the family owned—but in the end he lost her. And that was something. The real head, the veritable Prince, was compelled by this Rhino Pung to renounce everything, to become an outcast, a beggar."

"And you are that man's granddaughter."

She made no reply to this and Harries considered.

"But where," he asked, "does this Floresta come in?"

"Hush," she said, and this time there was agony in her voice. "Do not meddle with him. He too is a terrible man."

"Then leave him. Leave all this. I do not ask you to do more than that. Rhino can handle the rest. See. There is the gate. Walk through it with me."

"I cannot leave him," she said. "If there were no other reason that would hold."

"Who is he? What binds you to him?"

"I am bound. Nothing can loose me so long as he lives."

"WHAT is there between you?" His hands clenched and unclenched as a sudden fear chilled his heart. "What is there between you and this murderer? But I don't care even for that. Come! Come now. Come before the house tumbles down on you. For it's going to tumble. It's got to. Rhino's pushing against it."

He paused, hesitated.

"Do you know that the Thing that killed John Hard has tried also to get Rhino and me?"

She uttered a little cry, and then, control lost for an instant, whispered:

"He's here! Then he's here as I feared."

"Lurking in the woods. Hiding in trees."

She leaped to her feet. "Kill it," she said savagely. "If the chance comes to you, kill without mercy. Don't wait. Don't give it a chance. If you find it sleeping, crush its head with a great rock—as you would a snake."

"What is this Thing?" Harries demanded.

But again she was silent. Both were silent, he searching for such words as might persuade her, yet recognizing in her a steadfastness, a recklessness, a will to persevere, that made his hope an impossibility.

He ought to become practical.

"Even though," he said judicially, "you are in this hash for revenge or justice or to put salt on the tail of a family feud, there is money. Lots of money. Where money turns up there's always somebody to covet it. Now let's see what happens. Grant that you get away with this impossible whizzer. The idea will be, of course, to sell the property and go far, far away with the proceeds."

"I have admitted nothing," she said.

"You don't have to. What I'm getting at is, who'll get that cash?"

"Why, *I* shall have it. It is mine by right. She has stolen my place. It's mine—mine."

HE passed over this, which was a confession. "No," he said. "Not a penny of it will jingle in your purse. You're being used. If my guess is good, and it *is* good, you are nothing but this man Floresta's jack-knife. He's using you to whittle his stick and when it's whittled—well, he'll have no more use for a knife."

She looked at him fixedly, leaning forward a trifle, and her breath seemed to cease.

"If," he said, "he's contented with merely

throwing the knife away— I don't suppose," he added coolly, with deliberate cruelty, "that you hold with cold-blooded murder."

"No—no."

"Then," he said, "tell me, what will become of the girl upstairs?"

She bit her lip.

"Don't you see," he impressed upon her, "that there must never have been such a person as the Princess? Who knows she is here? Rhino and I. At the moment we are being abolished. Nothing but the need for your help, this man's realization that you would not go on if this girl were killed, holds her alive. Don't you see that?"

"No! No! It shall not be."

"Who will stop it?"

"I will."

He answered slowly, harshly.

"The dead meddle very seldom with the living," he said.

For an instant she did not comprehend; then she caught his meaning. Her face paled, not with fear but with rage, and she laughed a low, not musical laugh.

"Am I a helpless kitten?" she demanded.

"This man's plan—his success—the getting away with this great fortune—demands two deaths," said Harries. "It is logical. I tell you that you are as much under sentence as if you stood upon the scaffold with the cap over your eyes."

He had touched the wrong note, aroused her fierce pride, put into play her reckless courage.

"Let him dare!" she whispered.

In a moment she got to her feet.

"I must think. I do not think well with you so close to me. I think of other things which cannot be.

"Yes, you need not ask me again, for I tell you freely. I tell you now because—ah, because it is sweet to tell you, though I must never speak the words again. I love you. With all my heart and soul I love you.

"And so—yes, because of that—you must go away, now. I must be strong; I must see clearly, act with wisdom. When you sit so near I—I am not myself. I am a peasant girl sitting under a lemon tree with her lover. Go. Go far away and quickly. I could not bear that you should die."

He did not offer to touch her, to draw from her response to the love that cried out from his heart.

"I will go now, if you ask it," he said. "But I shall not go far. I will be at hand, ready, waiting."

Never before had he done such a thing; but now, as if born to the custom, he bent, lifted her fingers to his lips, and lingered over them.

"Good night, my Princess," he said softly.

"The saints guard you on your way," she replied.

It was then, and only then, that Monsieur Floresta left his lurking-place, flitting like a shadow to the tiny gate in the wall, through which he passed into the forest. He had seen and heard enough. Time was of the essence now.

He told himself that if luck and the St. Devil were on his side this night there would be no one for the girl to love. For it was his resolve that Worthington Harries never should arrive at his destination.

IT was characteristic of Beatrice d'Este that no apprehensions for her own security troubled her. Her fear was only as to the defilement which seemed imminent from her touching of pitch.

John Hard's passing had appalled her. Now the certainty, made clear to her by Harries, that the girl in the room above might not be allowed to live, appalled her more. Murder lurked in the woods. Loosed there by Monsieur Floresta was that Thing, half human, half beast, which killed at his bidding or for its own delight.

She found herself upon the stairs, mounting—not with any abatement of enmity in her heart, not even with the intent to declare a truce, but, anomalously, to offer a strange, illogical, impossible alliance to Isabella d'Este. She was about to endeavor to embark upon a frail ship whose name, painted upon the stern, was Absurdity.

At the door of her cousin's room she paused, but for an instant only. Then she fitted the key and entered.

Isabella d'Este—the prisoner—arose, not apprehensively but with a stinging hint of drawing her skirts aside. Beatrice closed and locked the door behind her and stood, for the first time in her headlong life, hesitant and at a disadvantage.

"Will you not be seated?" she asked, speaking in the tongue of Italy. Then: "The occasion is unusual. There is urgent need that we should talk together as we have never talked—without scorn and without malice."

"I have no malice, only a natural shame. All Europe knows the Black Cousin. Surely you cannot expect me, who am now alone and head of the family, to contemplate without emotion the notoriety your life has given our name!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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YET! Can a wife and mother spend every dollar as though Dad was a mint?

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Can Daughter travel with a fast set and play with fire?

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"High Steppers" puts it up to you—
vividly, absorbingly!

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

"You have betrayed your caste! You have made yourself so infamous that doubtless Paris music halls have made you flattering offers. Notorious women are in demand for the stage. As for the rest, I do not know." She lifted her shoulders daintily. "You are beautiful. One can only suppose you have not neglected that advantage."

Beatrice flushed darkly, seemed upon the point of outburst, but in the end exhibited a self-restraint that might be set down among the lesser miracles.

"THAT I will answer as I have never answered you before. For the last that you imply, it is as false as some other things you say are true! This I can say—that no man's lips have ever touched my lips. He lies who reports it otherwise. For the rest I do not care. And now, cousin, I wish to ask a question. Do you know a man named Hard? John Hard?"

Isabella knew him, but not understanding what the mention of his name might mean remained silent.

"He is dead," said Beatrice.

Isabella received this blow—for it was a blow—without quivering. She loved John Hard as she had loved her father.

"He was murdered," said Beatrice.

Now Isabella was all attention, scorn and rancor forgotten for the moment.

"By whom?" she demanded.

"By one who means to do away with you," said Beatrice. "It is for that reason I am here tonight."

"John Hard was coming to look for me."

"But he did not arrive."

This thing, this sudden announcement of the death of her friend, shook the *Principessa*. For an instant weakness assailed her as hope departed; for, since the trap had closed upon her, her reliance had been in the resourceful, adventurous old man who had fought for her grandmother. Now of hope there was none.

"I will not permit," said Beatrice.

"Permit what—my removal? And for what reason this change of heart?"

"There has been no change. Until tonight I did not imagine such an act."

Isabella smiled incredulously.

"And what, pray, was to have been done with me when you succeeded in robbing me of this inheritance? No—no. At least you have the d'Este intelligence. What other thing could have been contemplated in your plan from the beginning? Was I to have been set free—when you turned this property into money and disappeared with it? Set free to tell the story and set the world at your heels? Not that.

"Of what benefit would my money be if you were to spend the rest of your life a fugitive and in hiding? It is simple and inevitable. You are compelled to murder me. The circumstances force you. If John Hard is indeed dead then I must prepare myself. You will not see me cringe nor hear me plead. Ah, my friend should not have come alone. But the other perhaps is dead. Him I never saw. My old friend, my old friend, why did you dare this journey unaided!"

She was thinking now of that other—that strange one of the two, greatest of them who had served and loved her grandmother. She was thinking of that Rhino Pung whom her grandmother had loved but was prevented from wedding. Where was he? Did he live?

Beatrice spoke:

"I hate you, cousin, even as you despise me. But in this we must be allies, trusting each other, aiding each other. I will not permit it. If I can I shall take what is my own. That will pay the debt of my family to yours. But more I will not permit."

Suddenly steel glittered in her hand: a slender blade, long and graceful, with not two but three edges—and with an ivory handle. An ancient Sicilian weapon it was.

Hilt foremost she presented it to Isabella.

"Hide it well. Upon your person. At the moment it is all I can contrive."

"If you speak truly—if this is not some lie told with a purpose—why not contrive further? You need but leave the door unlocked. I am not helpless."

"You would never pass the wall. I do not intend you shall. To save your life I fight for you; the other matter I have not given up. But if it come to the last necessity——"

"Then what?"

"I shall find a way to admit your friend."

"My friend? Then John Hard is not dead?"

"It is not John Hard."

"Who then?"

"A strange young man," said Beatrice, "and, I think, a little terrible. His name is Rhino Pung."

"A *young* man! Rhino Pung a young man! How can that be? He—he——"

"Loved your grandmother and was victor

over my grandfather," said Beatrice. "But this is another—his son."

"Is this the truth?"

"It is true," said Beatrice slowly.

"Then," said Isabella, "if this Rhino Pung is like his father the saints have mercy on any who have done me wrong! He is here?"

"In the village."

"How came he there?"

Beatrice smiled for the first time during the interview.

"To protect the Principessa d'Este," she said, "who, as you know, is myself."

She moved backward to the door and turned the lock.

"In this," she said, "we are allies. In all else enemies."

Isabella smiled, not sweetly, not bitterly, but rather somberly and thoughtfully. "After all," she said, "it is something to be a d'Este—even a wicked one."

MONSIEUR FLORESTA made great haste under the trees to a rendezvous with Moik the Moi, intending to turn the cutting edge of that half-human weapon upon young Mr. Harries as he should walk homeward from his declaration of love. Also it seemed essential that he should hold his hand no longer from Rhino Pung.

In this frame of mind he proceeded for a quarter of a mile. Then he paused, fancying he heard a stealthy sound. It was during this brief pause that he saw what he saw—saw it suddenly, at a distance so short as to make mistake impossible.

It was a head. There seemed to be nothing else but a head with a collar and necktie below it: a shining, illuminated head.

That was all, and sufficiently startling—as anybody will admit—though it was but a simple lighting effect.

Monsieur Floresta did not study the effect or wait to fathom the method by which it had been produced. Enough for him that he recognized the face as that of one Giacomo Marocco, who should have been in distant Sicily attending to his private affairs. That Marocco was not in Sicily but here in these woods at a distance of thirty feet indicated that the man had given over private for quasi-public matters whose nature Floresta understood.

The face did not speak, nor did Monsieur Floresta. For an instant they gazed at each other. Then Monsieur turned on his heel, not in panic but nevertheless with a drooping of his exquisite shoulders, and walked as rapidly toward the house as he had but now walked from it. He knew why the face had showed itself to him. It was to turn him back.

HE knew that from that instant he would in effect be a prisoner, under constant surveillance. He knew how others had been turned back again and again until the approved moment arrived. He knew that should he endeavor to take train from Ringboro, Giacomo Marocco would be on the station platform to turn him back; that if he sought to speed away by motor, Marocco would confront him; that if he thought to steal away on foot, that face would bar his path.

Always this danger had lurked veiled in the background. Now it stepped forward, multiplying the perplexities of his situation.

Not only now must he carry through this difficult venture upon which he was embarked, but having done so he must escape with his booty from the dread Mafia: an agency that in some hundreds of years had allowed few of those marked down by it to escape.

When Floresta turned, resigned to the abandonment of his plans for the evening, the stern, strong face of Giacomo Marocco disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. It was simply done. If you will stand in utter darkness with an electric flashlight held at a level with your chest you may achieve a startling and dramatic effect.

"He turns back," said Marocco softly into the blackness.

"It is so," replied the voice of Cacopardo Zagari. "But, *signore*, what better time and place to strike than here?"

"It was not so ordered," said Marocco.

"Do we follow?"

"There is no need. The fox does not leave his den when the hunter is abroad. One may rest well this night."

"*Eccu!* A sickness seize upon all such. He has the Eye. When he approached I prayed to Sant' Andrea and made the sign of the horns. I do not convince myself he will not come out again. His walk was that of a man following a purpose."

"I have seen many. None have come out again on the same day as the first turning back. It is not a pleasant thing. It changes the marrow to water."

"*Traditore!*" said Cacopardo and spat upon the ground.

So saying he turned and, accompanied by his companion, walked in leisurely manner toward Ringboro. Not his to argue about the wisdom of leaving Floresta unwatched if such a one as Giacomo deemed it expedient.

Thus three individuals abandoned that spot.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

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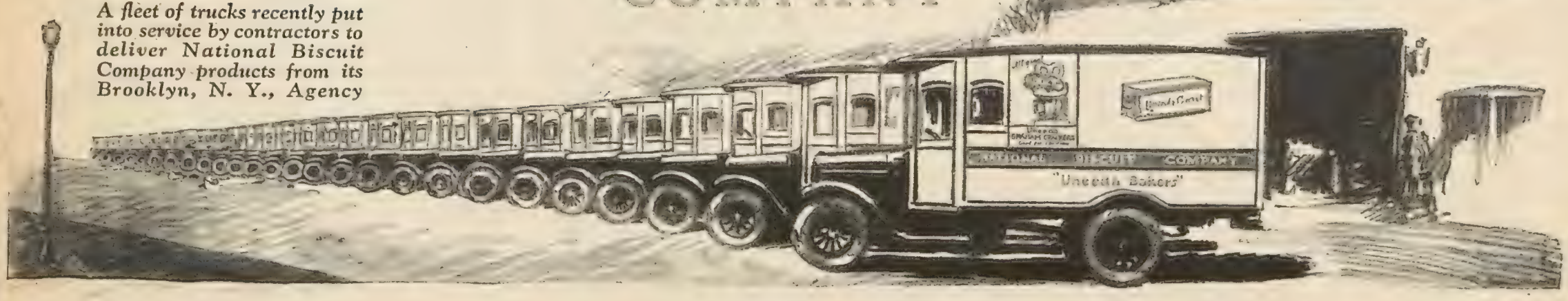

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Write for a free copy of "How to have Pretty Feet and Be Comfortable."

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

But another remained. When the night had enveloped the others, Rhino Pung stepped from behind his tree and followed that gentleman from it. To one who knew Rhino it was not at all strange he should be in that place; indeed it would have been worthy of remark had he been elsewhere. Friendship compelled him. His business that night was to see to it that Worthington Harries came to no harm and he was attending to it diligently.

Hardly had Harries left the hotel to demand an interview with the lady who had set his emotions to boiling, when Rhino was on his heels. While Harries sat on the piazza Rhino patrolled the walls, and being alert was aware when Monsieur Floresta came out through the little gate. It required no stretching of the imagination to guess his errand; so Rhino, abandoning his post, took up his part of shadow and as shadow saw that silent episode of the illuminated face. Also he heard and understood the brief conversation that followed. It gave him fodder for thought and, additionally, some small satisfaction.

Now he returned somewhat hastily to his post—and none too soon, for presently Harries emerged to walk down the dark road, not as a man walks in the consciousness of lurking danger but with head bowed and thoughts occupied—an easy prey.

Rhino did not smile at the spectacle. He took up the business of guardian angel, seeing to it that any hand which lifted itself against his friend must first make disposition of himself.

But there was no need. Town was reached and nothing had stirred in the woods save sleepy birds and a great flapping owl.

IT was on the bridge that he allowed himself to catch up with Harries; nor did he at that time or at any other time admit his solicitude.

"Rhino," said Harries, "I've seen her."

"Um-m."

"You've got her wrong, man."

Harries paused, reflecting, until a sudden vision sent him scampering down a valley he had not intended to enter. His condition of heart was such that he failed to recognize that a poem upon Beatrice d'Este's beauty was in no sense a defense of her character.

"Rhino, she's the loveliest thing in the world. Boy! if you could have seen her hair——"

"Black," said Rhino.

Harries blinked but shook off this attack.

"I wouldn't have it any other color. Hair that isn't black is wasting its time. And it crinkles! I want you to notice what it does just over her ears. And her eyebrows—like that!"

He painted her eyebrows on the evening air with an enthusiastic thumb but failed quite to visualize them for Rhino.

"BLACK Cousin," said Rhino. He put much into the *nom de guerre*—made the words eloquent, almost conclusive. But Harries only smiled in an abstracted manner. He succeeded in saying thus briefly that Cleopatra and Helen and Lady Hamilton did themselves right well in the matter of beauty but nevertheless avoided by a broad margin that higher virtue which elevates women into saints.

"What of it?" Harries asked.

But the matter attracted his notice sufficiently so that he entered upon defense and abandoned rhapsody:

"You say she's bad. I've listened to her and talked with her. I've almost—touched her. And I know she's not bad. Strange—maybe. Hard for an American to understand. But this I know: she doesn't care a hoot for the money. As she sees it she is not out to swing a sandbag but an executioner's ax—and that makes a difference.

"I could see she was tangled in something, had been tangled in it—and despised it. She's sitting there wanting to be good—and something won't let her. Rhino, the fat's in the fire! She's the woman for me. I know it. I can't get away from it."

Rhino listened and his heart was cold and heavy like some stone newly lifted from chill water.

"This I do know," Harries continued. "She never realized what she was walking into until I told her. I told her murder was just around the corner and that she was included in the invitation. It didn't frighten her but it did startle her. You could see she had never before held the thought that Floresta meant to eliminate that other girl. And she'll do something about it. She'll never stand for it. And we must help her."

"Got to!" said Rhino.

Rhino and Harries pitted against Floresta—and Floresta bent on murder! As the deep game for love and a fortune progresses strange weapons are used. The story leaps toward a crisis in next week's Liberty.

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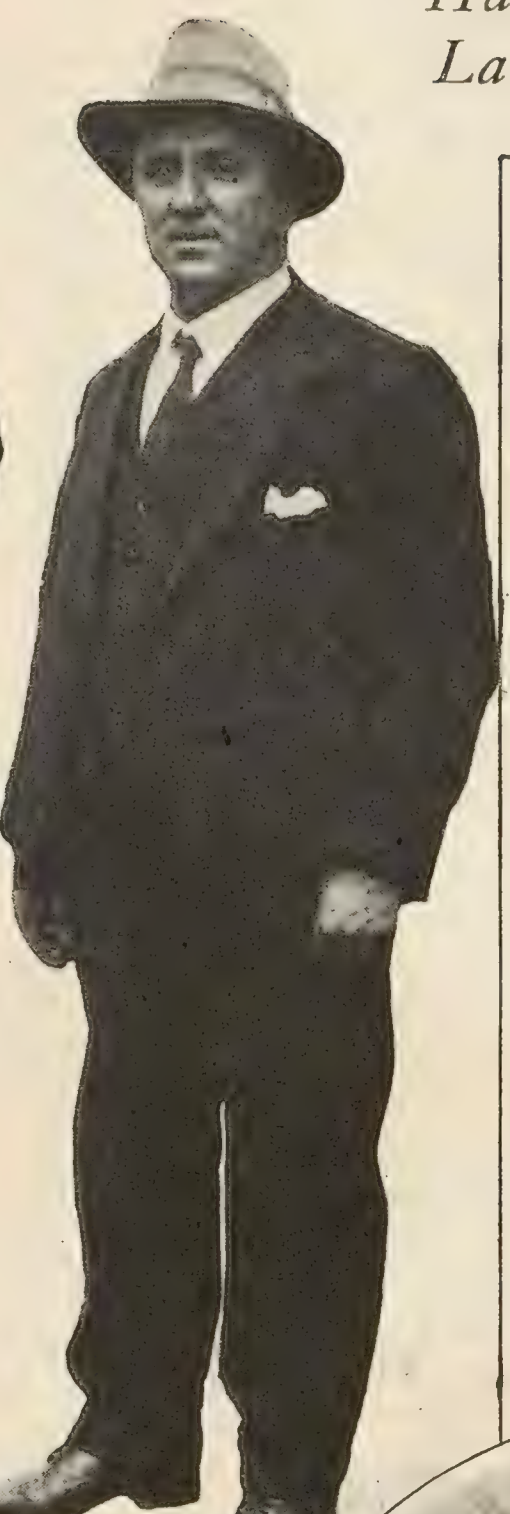
Mirror Photo.

A safe haven! Captain Tose of the Antinoe in his wife's arms.

Central Press Photo.

Captain George Fried of the U. S. Liner President Roosevelt and Captain Tose of the Antinoe.



Central Press Photo.

Captain Tose (left), Mrs. Tose, and Chief Officer Miller holding the ship's mascot.

An Article by

Archibald Douglas Turnbull

Commander Turnbull, an officer of the navy until after the war, brings a vivid touch to this story of an epic rescue. Here he shows you the liner President Roosevelt, her captain, and her crew, in their fight to save the men of the British freighter Antinoe.

In next week's issue an eye-witness to this glorious achievement—Dr. Gilbert J. G. Dalldorf, surgeon of the President Roosevelt—will tell what he actually saw as he stood on the decks of the rescue ship.

TAKING the average landsman's experience in asphalt lanes and along macadam roads, the winter now passing was no stiffer than many another that has gone before it. Even some old sailormen will tell you "full and by" that they have pitched into hurricanes quite as nasty as those recently encountered on the Atlantic. Still you will find skippers who tell of a certain persistent ferocity of wind—sometimes sustained for hours at a hundred-mile clip—and an added wallop to seventy-five-foot seas that made rescues hazardous beyond anything in recent annals of the Atlantic.

Take January 24th—the day when most of us heard for the first time of the British freighter Antinoe; the day that brought their big chance to the President Roosevelt of the United States Line and to Captain George Fried. While you are reading brightly colored circulars painting the delights of ocean travel in the summer, knotty old seamen are now down at the docks checking up lost anchors, snapped hawsers, and smashed lifeboats—toll of the winter gales. These men will tell you about Captain George Fried.

Fried is an old navy man. If you dig back into his history, you will find him listed, for fifteen years or so, among the quartermasters—shipmates of the log and the leadline and expert helmsmen who can lay a twenty-five-thousand tonner alongside a barrel afloat in mid-ocean without cracking a stave.

All the cloud forms make up the A B C of the quartermaster. His bible is the barometer and he must smell the gale coming while it is still fifty or a hundred miles away.

On the bridge is where Fried was born and bred. In all his naval service his record is without a spot. Like many another chief petty officer, he won his commission in the war. Afterward he was of those who stuck with the merchantmen and became captain of the Roosevelt.

RICAN

ro!

d Five Lifeboats . . .
ately"—Captain Fried

Crowd at Plymouth cheering the rescue ship..

Mirror Photo.

Central Press Photo.

Fourth Officer Upton, one of the officers in charge of the lifeboats.

P. & A. Photo.

The Antinoe just before the rescue with her crew huddled in the stern.

Fried is none of your bearded old shellbacks—he belongs to the younger, clean-shaven crowd, who are as square of shoulder and jaw, and who pack just as much seagoing punch as the buckoes of the Black Ball packets sixty years ago. On this January run nobody thought about him until his first radio came in:

Monday, 8.25 A. M. Picked up SOS from Antinoe.
Proceeded and arrived alongside Sunday, 24th.
Weather foggy, heavy snow and cold west gale.
Remained alongside, but lost trace of her in heavy snow squall.
Her No. 3 hold stove in.
All boats gone.
Water in fireroom and radio out of commission.
Am searching in vicinity; approximate position 47 North, 38 West.

That's not a long message, but it is full of hints. Who knew what might have happened to the Antinoe? The radio dead, the lights out, the fresh-water tanks salted by leakage; a sheath of ice on rails and rigging from stem to stern and half-frozen men unable to get up a rag of canvas that will hold the ship's head to the wind and sea. Then—— Well, then the Roosevelt's siren is sweeter music than a whole symphony orchestra and the Roosevelt's searchlight is the finest sight ever seen through a snow squall.

There are many ways of saving life at sea. Simple enough—in a calm. But not so easy if there is a sea running that puts your own rail five feet out of water one minute and thirty feet out the next. Then it takes smart work to get your boat over.

Your boat's crew must look alive, too, when they tumble into her, perhaps at the rail, perhaps over long, knotted life lines as she goes down. Then there is the ticklish instant just before she is water-borne. She must be well in hand to meet the sea as it boils up or to be eased down quickly as the sea pit it dug away under her. Her painter, a long rope led well forward, must help keep her nose clear and at the *exact* second her falls must be unhooked, always the after fall *first*, so the sea will not whirl her broadside-to and swamp her at once.

Once the boat is clear, everything depends upon the man at the steering oar—a rudder is too weak to be of much use in a lifeboat. That man must know just when to snap into it and swing her head this way or that to meet a particularly heavy sea. If the wind tears the voice out of his throat, he must tell his crew by his eyes, his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

We win 80 out of every 100 men to this unique creation

Say the Word

And we'll send you a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream to try

(NOTE COUPON BELOW)

GENTLEMEN:—

The way we win new customers to Palmolive Shaving Cream is by giving men a 10-day tube to try.

In less than five years we've gained top place in that way.

95% of the men answering our ads are wedded to other kinds of shaving soap. Yet we win 80 *out of every* 100 to this unique creation.

It's different from any other shaving cream known. 60 years of soap study stand behind it. We tried out 130 different formulas in perfecting it.

It embodies the four great essentials 1000 men told us they wanted in a shaving cream, plus a fifth that we ourselves found and added.

5 Important features

You'll find it superior in at least five major ways:

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in one minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5—Fine after effects due to palm and olive oil content.

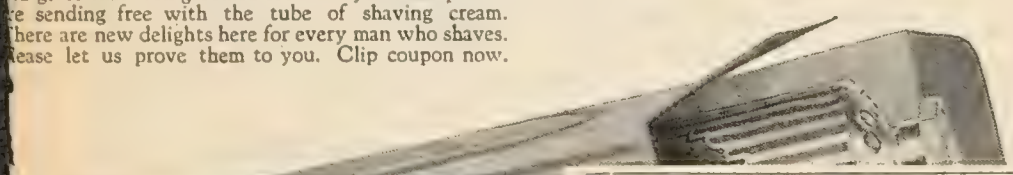
Find Out

What we tell you is based on what we as expert soap makers know. One of our toilet soaps, Palmolive, is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Now in courtesy to us, will you accept a test of our shaving cream; give us the opportunity to prove the claims millions make for it?

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.



3141

10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1141, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.
Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

hands, almost by thought itself, when they must pull for all that is in them, and he must guess—and guess right—when a slightly lower sea gives him his best chance to turn and drive her in alongside the storm-tossed wreck.

Another way—to put your ship alongside the other fellow—has been successfully tried. Commander Edwardes, of the United States Navy, drove his destroyer into a burning French transport and held her there, while the magazines were blowing up, until all hands were taken off.

Still another plan is to send an empty lifeboat over on a long line and then handle your own ship so the boat will drift down to where the men on the wreck can reach her with grapnels. That puts it up to them to clamber down over the swinging Jacob's ladders or the plunging anchor chains, so that you may haul them home.

ONE more point—the biggest, perhaps, that men like Fried have to face—is deciding how far a man has a right to risk his own ship and his own crew; how much delay and chance the passengers should be asked to accept, and what may happen if something goes wrong with his own machinery.

With half a dozen such men as Miller and Upton of the Roosevelt among his officers, and with fifty men like Heitman and Wirtinan ready to fling away their own lives, the question is—should he let them do it? Often enough lowering a lifeboat means throwing ten men away in the effort to save one.

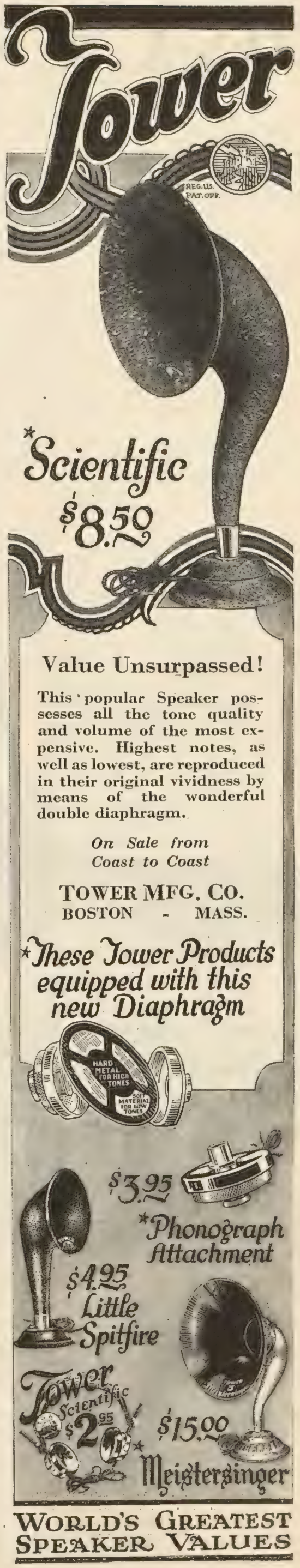
As all the world knows, the Roosevelt kept up the fight. "Took off twelve men in favorable spell," said Fried on the third day. "Antinoe going down, and men too weak to take chance jumping into sea. Captain and twelve men remain aboard. Have lost two men and five lifeboats to date. Launching sixth boat immediately."

Another trip for Miller and Upton, with volunteers from the engine-room gang and from the deck force. This time the boat went over the Roosevelt's side just right, caught the sea without smashing herself, swung clear, and pulled.

Some say that a lower sea always follows three big ones and, in some such instant, Miller got his chance to slip alongside. By that time the wrecked crew were too weak to climb down anything; they simply threw themselves overboard to be hauled, one by one, into that boat.

When the Roosevelt let out a roar of her siren and turned tail, at last, for Queenstown, she left nothing behind her but an empty derelict, sinking in the latitude and longitude of a job well done.

THE END



"S. A."

Sex Appeal

What Is This Darn Thing Anyway?

An Article by

EILEEN BOURNE

Ina Claire *Nell Gwyn*

THERE was a group of people gathered in a New York studio, and among them they represented almost every phase of business, artistic, and professional life—a woman artist with her banker husband; a famous psychoanalyst with his singing wife; a famous sculptor.

They were intelligentsia. And they were bored; not so that they were rude to each other. But the feeling you got on entering the room was that you'd stepped into a mental cooling plant. You see, they had known each other for a long time. They knew each other's mental processes, reactions, and about what each would say next.

"I'm expecting an old friend of mine," the hostess said casually through the smoke of her cigarette. "I haven't seen her for several years. We drifted apart, as people will. I hope she will interest you. I believe she is bringing a man."

Mona Lisa

John Barrymore

Pach. Photo.

Nita Naldi

And as she spoke they came, the old friend and "the man." They were not strikingly outstanding in appearance. The woman was of medium height, neutral of complexion, not too meticulously coiffed or groomed. She was carelessly perfect. She had a throaty voice and when she talked her eyes brightened with intensity. She had poise. But then every woman in the room had poise.

The man was fairly handsome, well and symmetrically built. He had a vibrant voice with a quick eye and a laughing mouth.

Immediately there was a tightening of interest among the crowd. More verve was thrown into the conversation. The gathering had come up on its toes.

As the evening moved along the woman became the interested listener to the guarded voices of the men who had formed a cautious circle around her. The man became an almost silent oracle whose opinions were received with respect and eagerly agreed with by every woman. These two held the center of the stage. When they left early there was a vacuum of thoughtful silence until the hostess blew a puff of smoke from her cigarette and asked:

"Well, what is it? What made them stand out from a group composed of people unanimously admitted to have brains, poise, and a certain amount of savoir-faire?"

She was answered by a chorus of "Beauty," "Charm," "Personality," "Poise."

And the psychoanalyst, who had sat back smoking his cigar thoughtfully while he listened to the others, smiled and declared:

"It's sex appeal."

"And what is sex appeal?" they challenged.

"If I knew the answer to that," said he, "I'd be one of the most famous men in the world."

And he would be. Nobody has answered it so far, though everybody knows what it is because everybody has seen it in action.

Helen of Troy had it, and Cleopatra, and that sad and tragic Queen Marie Antoinette and that hoyden, Nell Gwyn. Madame Rejane, admittedly a plain woman, had it. Duse, neither beautiful nor plain, had it in abundance. Sarah Bernhardt had it. "All right," say you; "we'll bite. What is the darn thing anyhow?"

And echo answers: "Ah, that's still an open question."

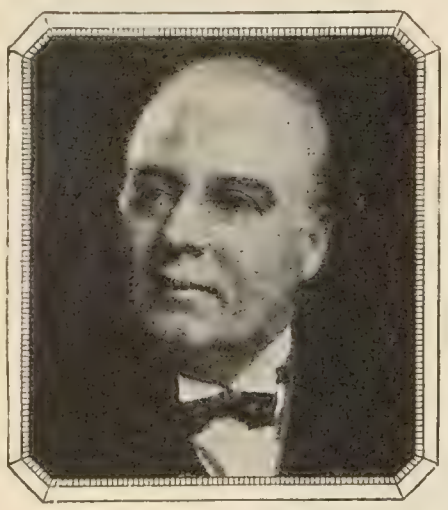
Today all the great stars of stage and screen stars of both sexes have it. Mary Garden effervesces with it. The Barrymores—Ethel, John, and Lionel—are abundantly endowed with it. Jeanne Eagels, Lenore Ulric, Ina Claire, Queenie Smith, Helen Menken, Fanny Brice, Tom Meighan, Jack Gilbert—any of these have but to step upon the stage, or flash upon the screen, and their audiences are instantly aware of it.

A Frenchman, man of the world, and connoisseur of a number of things, who has traveled and observed, told me that every woman has a lure for some man. "No matter how homely a woman, there is one man who think

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't Pay Me a Cent If I Can't Give You a *Magnetic Personality* -5 Days FREE Proof!

NO matter how lacking you are in qualities of leadership, no matter how colorless, timid, unsuccessful and discouraged you may be, I GUARANTEE to so magnetize your personality that your whole life will be completely transformed!



I can give you poise that banishes self-consciousness, charm that makes you irresistibly popular, personal power that will indelibly influence the minds of others and amaze your friends.

I'll make you a fascinating force in social life, a powerful, dynamic, commanding figure in your profession. You'll become more popular, more prosperous, more gloriously successful than you ever dreamed possible!

Let me send you the proof—absolutely free! If within 5 days you do not experience a decided change in your personality, if you do not find yourself making new friends with ease, if you do not discover yourself already on the way to social popularity, business success and personal leadership—just say so. Tell me my principle of personal magnetism can't do every single thing that I said it would do. And you won't owe me one penny!

What Is Personal Magnetism

What is this marvelous force that raises the sick to glowing, vibrant health, the timid to a new confident personality, the unsuccessful to positions of wealth and astonishing power?

You have it—everyone has it—*but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it!* It is not a fad nor a theory. It is simply you, yourself—your manner—your own marvelous personal force, released and magnified a hundred fold in an amazingly clear-as-crystal, scientific way! More necessary than good looks. More valuable than money. For without it a salesman is handcuffed! Without it a business man is powerless to command! No actor, no teacher, no orator, no statesman can long hold his audience spellbound without this supremely influential magnetic force!

What Is Sex Magnetism?

What is that magnetic, powerful influence that draws one man to one woman—forever, irresistibly? What is that strange, never-failing spark that awakens love? What is it, in man or woman, that seems to draw and fascinate — the hypnotic power that no one can resist?

You have it. Everyone has it. *But do you use it!*

Personal Magnetism! How easy to release it! How wonderful its results! No long study or inconvenience. Not the slightest self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities and makes you almost a new person from what you were before!

Personal Magnetism is not hypnotism. Hypnotism deadens. Magnetism awakens, inspires, uplifts. Personal Magnetism is not electricity. It is *like* electricity in one way—while you can not see it, you can observe its startling effects. For the moment you release your Personal Magnetism you feel a new surge of power within you. You lose all fear. You gain complete self-confidence. You become almost over night the confident, dominant, successful personality you were intended to be—so fascinating that people are drawn to you as irresistibly as steel is drawn to a magnet!

The Facts Are Free

The fundamental principles of Personal Magnetism have been put into an extra large volume under the title of "The Cultivation of Personal Magnetism." It is bound in beautiful dark burgundy, with the title gold embossed. Its scope is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "The Road to Power" and "The Winning Personality" are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

You *can* sway and control others. You *can* command success. You *can* influence people to do the things you want them to do. Through this amazing book you gain the key to a magnetic personality in 5 days—or you don't pay one penny! That is my free offer to you.

Send Coupon Today

You must see this wonderful volume—examine it—let it influence indelibly your own personality. You send no money with the coupon—you pay no C. O. D. You get the book first. If you aren't stirred and delighted in the 5 day period, return it and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit $3 in full payment. You are the sole judge. You do not pay unless you are absolutely delighted. And then only $3.

You simply can't delay! Clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism" for 5 days FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only $3.00 or return the book without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

"S. A." [Continued from Page Forty-one]

she is beautiful. Some women, of course, are possessed of more of this quality of attraction than others; that is, they attract a greater number of people. One woman, my informant told me, may attract six different men in six different ways.

David Wark Griffith, pioneer builder of moving-picture spectacles and responsible for the making of more great women stars than any other man in the world, never engaged a girl to play for him whose nostrils did not dilate when she talked. He has declared that this trait alone always betrays a sensitiveness of emotion that makes the capable actress. Also it makes her face plastic; makes it a medium for the expression of emotion.

Marie Antoinette

One thing is certain. The more either a woman or a man can fire the imagination of others, the more sex appeal he or she possesses.

MONTE KATTERJOHN is a scenario writer with the Famous Players-Lasky Company. For many years he has dreamed lovely women and bad women and good women into his stories for the screen and then saw to it that women of the types he had dreamed filled the roles he had planned for them. Sex appeal, he knows, is the greatest commodity in the world. Therefore he has studied it diligently. He says:

Lionel Barrymore

"All highly emotional people possess sex appeal. That explains actors and actresses, because emotions are either the product of the imagination that makes for creative art or else they fire that imagination to its work of creation.

"A girl with sex appeal always possesses other qualities that seem to go with it. For instance, she always knows how to dress, and she always has determination. Women possessing it will plug the longest, fight the hardest, and stick to the bitter end. The lackadaisical girl will stick for a time. She may stick as long as five years, but eventually she will give up. That girl has no intensity in her, and so she has little sex appeal.

"A big emotional crisis in the life of a person will always in-

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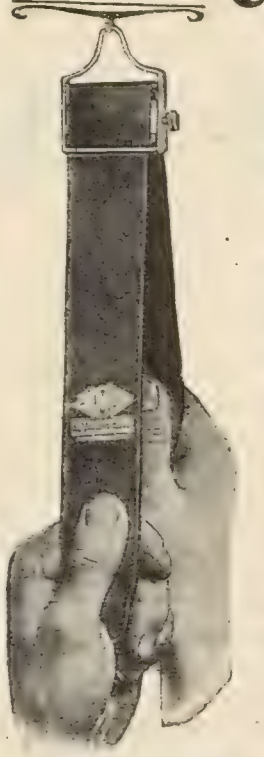
"The Smile that James made"



Every Blade Needs Stropping Before *Every* Shave

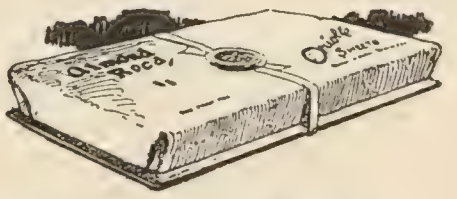
Your beard "turns" the keen edge of your blade every time you shave. Heat and cold contracts and expands the sensitive steel, destroying the cutting edge.

That is why *every* blade—even a new one—needs stropping. A few strokes on the James Stropper polishes and frictions the original bevel of your blade, making a smooth keen edge for perfect shaving.

Models for Gillette, Gem, Ever-ready, Enders, Auto-strop and Durham Duplex. Price $2.00 at your druggist or write to

Dudley Freeman Co.
207 South St., Boston, U.S.A.

The James Stropper "Sharpens Your Blades"



Almond Roca

—America's finest confection!

Every confectioner cries quality. It is natural that he should. If he failed to respect his own creations who would? So, to the uninitiated, our claim that Almond Roca is America's Finest Confection, is but a part of the general babble. You are alert to the situation—so are we. So we say: Put the burden of proof on the product. Fair? Absolutely! The package price of Almond Roca is a dollar and a half—and your money back if you know another confection its equal.

*Our distribution is in the here-and-there stage—Almond Roca is NOT available everywhere — not yet. If you experience difficulty in its discovery, address us direct, naming the dealer who should distribute it.****
BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*

Almond Roca

—America's Finest Confection

Keep Your Office Ashless

Most men are tired of messy ashtrays—with their offensive stubs and ashes. By tens of thousands men are turning to Smokador—the Ashless Ashstand—the clean, all-metal ashstand that keeps every bit of smoking litter out of sight and smell! All matches, ashes and stubs drop thru the *hollow tray* to the *air-tight* base below—where they are completely smothered! No small tray to constantly empty—no litter to spill—no glass dish to fall and break! *Non-tipping, non-spilling* Smokador—always neat and clean—has two cleverly-designed *Snuffer Clips* to hold cigars and cigarettes. Smokador is finished in dark bronze, mahogany, red, olive green, willow green. $10 50 delivered east of the Mississippi; $11, west. If your dealer can't supply a genuine Smokador, order direct. Avoid imitations. Address Dep't D.

SMOKADOR MFG. CO. INC.
130 W. 42nd St., New York

SMOKADOR

Copyright 1926 Smokador Mfg. Co. Inc.

The Ashless Ashstand

Something *NEW* *for* BOBBED HAIR

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

crease that person's sex appeal. It is a background of what you might call old emotions from which new emotions of the same sort seem ever ready to leap. And people sense that.

"The public is unjustly accused of becoming tired of the faces of stars. That isn't true. The public doesn't become tired of a star's emotional face; it becomes tired of the face she continually wears. She brings no new emotions into it; nothing to inspire the imagination. What attracted the public to the star in the first place has already been explored. There is nothing new to be discovered; nothing new to look for. A person either has a capacity for a deep emotional storm or crisis, or he hasn't. When he has, then he has sex appeal, and every emotional storm adds to it. You see it is imagination and it is mystery.

Madame Du Barry

"THE public wants its sex appeal in suggested glimpses rather than in flagrant doses. That is the reason for the passing of the vampires from the pictures and the stage. Exotic stars now have to be fed in small doses. The public won't stand for too much of them."

Nita Naldi is undoubtedly one who brings with her the spice of an exotic appeal. Seen not too frequently, she has a strong audience appeal. Her appeal is "out of the East." Her type is a strange, mysterious one which inspires men to talk, criticize, and compare. And too much of that is fatal.

Tom Meighan

Mae Murray also has intense sex appeal. She is the type of "wild" girl a man wants to run away with.

Corinne Griffith has a strange and universal appeal. Women seeing her on the screen want her for a daughter; men for a sweetheart.

Lillian Gish is the sad, wistful little princess in the tower waiting for her knight lover to come and rescue her.

Dolores Costello, daughter of a famous actor father, has that never-failing appeal of youth and beauty.

There is a type of star that embodies beautiful innocence on tiptoe, wondering—girls like Betty Bronson and Lois Moran. And

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FREE
10-Day Tube
Mail the Coupon

To Whiten Dull Teeth

A NEW WAY, based on advanced scientific principles, that lightens cloudy teeth; that restores off-color teeth to charming clearness

IF you want whiter teeth, please make this remarkable test.

It will prove your teeth are *not* naturally "off color" or dull.

It will give them clear and beautiful whiteness. It will firm your gums to a healthy color.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this new method. It is different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Just mail the coupon and a 10-day supply will be sent you.

You are hiding your teeth with a film coat . . . that is all

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Send coupon for full 10-day test. Note the remarkable difference in the color of your teeth, the firmness of your gums . . . you simply combat these dingy film coats.

Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

Canadian Office and Laboratories
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FREE Pepsodent PAT. OFF.

Mail this for 10-day Tube

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 257, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 19

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. [illegible] *Editor* WILL ROGERS

A Typical Society Wedding Announcement

If we have to look at these every day in the New York papers, the Bull's Eye readers shouldn't kick on having to read one.

"Society here and in Newport was stirred today by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Gwendolyn Astorbilt and Sir Charles Pinkham Oldcastle. Miss Astorbilt's last husband was the Marquis de Borrow. Their divorce does not become absolute until the day announced for her forthcoming wedding.

"As all will remember, her second wedding to an alleged oil millionaire, Mr. Crudeoil, was the talk of Newport at the time, the Marquis de Borrow being the best man. Records show her first husband to have been the young millionaire, Jimmy Flash, whose father was a lightning rod manufacturer, and who has just recently been divorced from Ida May Glycerine, well known Screen Star, who is just starting into production with a new husband. By coincidence, the second wife of Sir Charles Pinkham Oldcastle, her present fiance, was a sister of Jimmy Flash, whom he divorced to marry his last wife, Lady Got-Hers. Lady Got-Hers first husband was the Marquis de Borrow.

"The wedding will be held at the home of her mother, who has just recently married her fourth husband, Frederick Townsend Bean, millionaire spark plug manufacturer."

Now this is what they do back here every day. How they keep from marrying each other again accidentally is more than I can tell. You can't introduce anybody; they have all been married to each other. None of them smoke "Bull" Durham. "Bull" Durham smokers are contented and stay married. I don't know whether they are contented with "Bull" Durham or with their first wives, but the three of them seem to stick together. The moral is this: Smoke "Bull" Durham, and save yourself a lot of weddings.

Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist, announces a series of "Bull" Durham advertisements. They are worth watching for.

Will Rogers

P.S. There will be another piece here in two weeks. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

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The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

["S. A." Continued from Page Forty-three]

this type is what the public, surfeited by sophistication, is clamoring for now. They seem untouched by life. Their emotional sky is clear and blue, with no storm clouds upon it.

Mr. Katterjohn's statement that a great emotional crisis in the life of a person will increase that person's sex appeal seems to be proved in Florence Vidor, who has achieved an increased screen personality under the stress of being divorced from King Vidor, her actor husband.

Corinne Griffith

Mary Pickford stands alone. She is the one and only example of a universal appeal from which sex is absent. She is in a class by herself, a supreme figure, a real screen idol. She is the little sister, the neighborhood playmate. And it seems as though she will never grow up.

GLORIA SWANSON, now the reigning and acknowledged queen in the minds of people, is the blending of many different elements. She is suave, gentle, dignified, and utterly lovely. She is the hoyden, the well-dressed woman who pleases women, and she supplies imagination and color for a blase world.

So from a man of the world, and a moving-picture scenario writer we have many different definitions of sex appeal. These men have studied it as an artistic commodity. They really know.

But there are other things. There is warmth, for instance, that issues from a man or a woman and draws others to them. Sex appeal isn't a matter of beauty. Homely women have it; intellectual women have it; "dumb-belles" have it. Perhaps, like beauty, it is in the mind of the beholder. Every woman would like to have it. Every woman would like a recipe for it. If you want to make an enemy for life, tell her she hasn't any.

White Photo.
Queenie Smith

So I went looking for the recipe. And I learned that if you really want to know what sex appeal is, you should ask every man acquaintance. Then, when you have exhausted all their definitions, go and gaze at Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa. She can tell you more about sex appeal in a minute than I or all the men I talked to could tell you in years.

THE END

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HERE, in striking new design, is standard, guaranteed White-Cross quality—offered to you at clear savings. Here, in the Sanitary Percolator, is not only charming individuality, grace, and distinctive beauty, but also strength, durability and special features far beyond the ordinary. One, two, three or four cups of piping hot coffee can be made in a few minutes, and you use only the exact amount of coffee for the number of cups desired with absolutely no waste.

Another advantage is that you can clean this percolator in a jiffy. The inside is completely stream-lined with no hard-to-get-at crevices. The heating element is mechanically enclosed and guaranteed for two years. Brilliantly polished, *heavy* aluminum with reinforced handle sockets—a lifetime percolator, only $4.40.

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How to Get Your Jewels Back

Picture by
HERBERT BOHNERT

In Which Crook, Detective, and Victim All Conspire to Defeat Justice

An Article by

WALTER DAVENPORT

THE jewels were gone. Gone. Every ruby and diamond of them.

MRS. HERBISH PLANGO, the Peruvian heiress, had been robbed of her jewelry and she and the insurance company had produced documentary evidence that the dazzling swag was worth eight hundred and forty-four thousand dollars. It was one of those crimes which do not seem possible but which are perpetrated with greater or lesser frequency every day.

Briefly, Mr. and Mrs. Plango had carefully placed the jewelry in a steel casket and the steel casket in a wall safe so cleverly contrived as to defy detection.

Then the Plangos had gone to the dining-room and eaten an expensive meal alone. The dining-room was but three removed from the one of the safe. The Plangos lived on the twelfth floor of an apartment house the tenants of which pay not less than two thousand dollars per year per room and the smallest suite consists of twelve rooms. The Plangos have sixteen.

Virtually all the servants had been given the afternoon and evening off and there remained of the servitors only Mrs. Plango's personal maid, the cook, the butler, and a second man, none of whom, except the maid, were supposed to know of the presence and location of the safe. And the maid—faithful and trusted—had not been given the combination.

It was eight o'clock of a November evening when Mr. and Mrs. Plango left the room of the safe to walk to the dining salon. It was eight forty-five when they re-entered the presence of the safe.

"Darling," said Mr. Plango, "now that there is nothing immediately on our social calendar which would require you to wear all your jewelry, don't you think it would be better were you to transfer the greater part of it to a safety deposit vault in the bank? You know, the crime wave and all that sort of thing."

Now the very mention of her jewels melted the heart of Mrs. Plango, whose eyes were never so rested as when she was gazing at them. Therefore, without replying further than to yawn politely and say, "Maybe, sweetheart," Mrs. Plango obeyed her most familiar impulse and went to the safe to enjoy a lingering contemplation.

The jewels were gone! Gone. Every ruby and diamond of them. Gone. And the safe had been locked after the robbery. The best medical experts in the country sat in relays of consultations in the Plango apartments during the following week, but Mrs. Plango survived and lives at this writing.

For seven days the detectives were baffled and the district attorney's fist was bruised from its smiting of his desk as he told the reporters that he would not rest until the criminals were behind the bars. On the eighth day the detectives ceased baffling and the district attorney came to rest.

Mrs. Plango announced that her jewels had been returned by the suave and efficient Phineas Quick, private detective and sleuth for the Pan-Firmament Insurance and Indemnity Company, Ltd., and that her physicians had told her that any further participation in the excitement might leave her a permanent an hopeless invalid. Therefore, said she, the i cident, for her, was closed.

Mr. Quick told the subsided prosecutor tha strange as it might seem, he had receiv anonymous intelligence to the effect that we he to present himself at a certain corner at specified hour and but stretch forth his ha the missing gems would be thrust therein and no questions asked. At any rate he were the jewels, and what, after all, of it?

I asked Mr. Val O'Farrell, a really astu and effective New York detective, to expla that affair to me.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This test is FREE
if foot and leg pains fail to vanish in *10 minutes*

Now specialists tell us how to end foot pains almost instantly—and by natural means. Foot troubles may quickly become serious and endanger the health of the entire body unless permanently corrected

This new way will amaze and delight you. Send the coupon.

ONCE again science adds joy to living by a new discovery. And this discovery is so far-reaching that it will benefit no less than twenty million people.

Almost everyone at different times suffers from aching, paining feet and legs. Many think their pains result from being tired or that they come from rheumatism, sciatica, or other similar diseases. But in thousands of cases there is an even more serious cause. Only recently has science discovered it.

Now for the first time medical authorities are realizing how serious foot troubles may become. They tell you not to neglect the slightest twinge of pain—the symptoms that warn you.

When certain muscles weaken

The foot is composed of innumerable muscles, sensitive nerves and tiny bones.

The bones are arranged to form two arches. It is the function of the muscles to hold the bones forming these arches in place.

Now, say the specialists, modern shoes, and other things, too, cause the muscles to weaken. As a result the bones spread from overstrain and arches sag.

The forward arch falls first, throwing the entire foot structure out of balance: Then the instep breaks down and completely gives way. Bones crush blood vessels and sensitive nerves. Pain becomes unbearable.

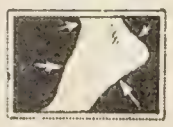
Science corrects misplacements. Nature heals and strengthens. Pains vanish like magic.

Difficult as this might seem to correct, science has found a simple, yet astonishingly effective, remedy. A thin, strong, super-elastic band is provided to assist the muscles in holding the bones in place. It takes the pressure off the nerves and helps nature strengthen the muscles through constant daily use. This band is the Jung Arch Brace. The secret of its success lies in its correct tension, in its scientific contour and design.

Rigid supports merely offer temporary relief and tend to further weaken the muscles by supplanting their natural functions. But this soft, pliable band can soon be discarded entirely, so quickly does it do its work. And from the instant you slip it on you can dance, run, walk or stand without the slightest twinge of pain.

Ends These Pains

Pains, aches or cramping in calf of leg and knee



Pains or aches in ankle, heel, arch or instep.

Pains or cramps in toes, callouses on ball of foot, spreading causing bunions.

Other Symptoms: Tired, aching, burning sensations. Shooting pains when stepping on uneven surfaces. Shoes feel uncomfortable and seem too small. Feet become sensitive.

So light and thin is this band that it can be worn with the sheerest hose, the tightest and most stylish high-heeled shoes. Physicians say that it is the one scientific way to restore the natural structure of the foot. They urge you to make the test offered you here, without delay.

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Go to any druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Make this free test. If not delighted with the instant and lasting relief, take them back and every penny will be returned.

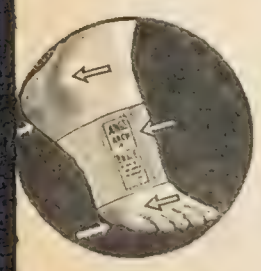
If your dealer hasn't them, we will supply you. With a half-inch strip of paper measure around the smallest part of your instep, where the forward edge of the brace is shown in the circle diagram, or size and width of shoe.

Mail us this measure. We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style). Pay the postman $1 and postage.

For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend our "Miracle" Style, extra wide, $1.50. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, we will send every penny back immediately.

In Canada address: Kirkham & Roberts, 243 Pacific Bldg:, Toronto

Canadian Prices: Wonder $1:25; Miracle $1:75



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[HOW TO GET YOUR JEWELS BACK Continued from Page Forty-five]

"Unfortunately or otherwise," replied Mr. O'Farrell, "my services were not retained by anyone concerned in the Plango mystery. But let me tell you the story of the McNugent jewels and maybe you will see the light."

The McNugents lived in medieval splendor on the coast of Massachusetts. Old man McNugent was dead. His last will and testament betokened the keen intelligence so instrumental in garnering his millions for him. He left everything to his capable wife, who, where the question of distributing money was moot, was as easily beguiled into extravagance as a Syrian rug peddler.

THERE was one child, a young woman of devastating beauty. Frankly the interior of the young lady's head was sparsely furnished, if indeed at all, and to make matters worse she married a young fellow who had never recovered from having spent a winter in London, where he had rushed a young widow who had been talked about in connection with the Prince of Wales.

In the course of old man McNugent's shrewd life he had invested largely in jewelry which he was pleased to bestow upon his amiable wife. Mrs. McNugent would as soon have bedecked herself with all these diamonds and rubies, pearls and sapphires as she would have invested money in the Soviet Republic of Russia, and piece by piece she had dropped it into a steel box which she kept in an artfully concealed wall safe (like the one in the Plango apartments) until, at the demise of her husband, she owned nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the stuff.

One gorgeous morning in September Mrs. McNugent went to her safe. The jewels were gone. Had the safe been closed and its ambush replaced after the job, the indications of inside work would have been more convincing; anyway, it was a brain-racking situation because whereas the robber had not relocked and rehidden the safe, he or she had opened it by the combination, which, to say the least, was intricate.

Mrs. McNugent at once notified the police and the insurance company. The police arrived in large numbers and retired almost immediately, baffled. The insurance company, too, was baffled but did not retire. It called in its own private detective agency, the master mind of which was a Mr. Seymour.

It was a reliable insurance company and willing and ready to meet its losses; but like other insurance companies it had hired a Mr. Seymour for a variety of reasons. This Mr. Seymour's first

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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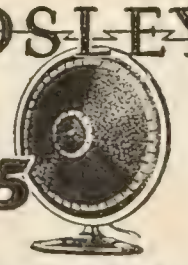

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Please send me prepaid in plain wrapper generous sample of Del-a-tone Cream.

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Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

duty was to make sure that the jewelry was gone. That was easy. Nothing could be more missing. Next Mr. Seymour was to make certain that there was no reliable reason why the insurance should not be paid.

Finally, it was Mr. Seymour's duty to learn whether the insurance company, by paying a reward, could retrieve the jewels, restore them to Mrs. McNugent, and thereby escape handing her nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Better to lose fifty or even a hundred thousand dollars than nine hundred and fifty thousand.

His preliminary talks with Mrs. McNugent had convinced him of two very important things: that she wanted as little publicity as possible and that she cherished those jewels a little more than anything else in this world, not excluding her daughter's dumb husband. To her the jewelry represented the love of her departed spouse. In their glitter she beheld his spirit. She was, as I have said, getting along in years.

Thus girded with important facts and armed with cunning, Mr. Seymour made his attack. He said to Mrs. McNugent:

"I propose that we offer one hundred thousand dollars reward for the return of the jewels. My clients, the insurance people, will post fifty grand, and you will contribute the other half of this handsome reward. I have a hunch."

OF course Mr. Seymour was merely shooting in the dark. Detectives will do that now and then. Mrs. McNugent protested, demurred, and scoffed. She wanted the jewelry back and the criminals punished—hanged if necessary.

But we shall cast aside details. Sufficient that she presently agreed to put up fifty thousand dollars.

"Say nothing about the reward, madam," warned Mr. Seymour. "The newspapers must know nothing about it. I shall see to it that the information reaches ears that will appreciate it."

In his investigations Mr. Seymour had made interesting discoveries. Among them was that Mrs. McNugent's son-in-law was a poor man in every sense of the word. He had been something of a fortune hunter ever since he left college at the request of that institution's authorities. His marriage to the daughter of the old lady had been an elopement and Mrs. McNugent had made the best of it by putting him on her pay roll.

Between one thing and another he was chronically hard up and his allowance from his mother-in-law was insufficient by several square miles to cover the demands that descended upon him the moment he married the McNugent heiress.

Mr. Seymour knew other things.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Yeast Foam Malted Milk is an *ideal* food and drink because (1) it has all the nutritious properties of the finest malted milk and (2) because it contains a substantial amount of pure whole yeast. It is not merely a mixture, however. The yeast is grown in the product.

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Get next to a Sure-Fit dealer — and one of the rich-looking, new-model Sure-Fits — at once. It's a red-hot tip on a NEW kind of cap comfort!

Just drop me a line with your favorite store's name if it doesn't stock Sure-Fit.

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Total	2 dozen

sure-fit cap

Tighten or Loosen for Comfort

AVOID IMITATIONS - SEEK THE SURE-FIT LABEL

[HOW TO GET YOUR JEWELS BACK]
Continued from Page Forty-seven

One of them was that such was the nature of the stolen jewelry that none but the most experienced of plunderers would know how to dispose of it. It was too well advertised. The collection was too famous. An old-timer at the loot-disposal business might know how and by whom it might be cut up and otherwise disguised, but not an amateur.

Eight days after Mrs. McNugent had agreed to post half of the hundred thousand dollars reward, Mr. Seymour called upon her.

In his pocket he carried neat packages. These he handed her.

"The jewels, madam."

And there lay the jewelry—all of it.

"The hundred thousand has been paid, madam. It will mean nothing to you if I say that I paid it to Moe the Muff, Roast Beef Ruby, and Heels Sprung, three ingenious gentlemen who——"

"Not as ingenious as you, Mr. Seymour," snapped the old lady. "Tell me the truth."

HE told her. The fine old Spartan's lips were tight, her knuckles white from gripping the arms of her chair. But she did not flinch.

A few days later her daughter and son-in-law sailed for Europe.

The old lady was not fool enough to expose the secret by insisting they separate. Let them live in Europe a year or two and then, perhaps, the girl would have sense enough to leave him.

"The rich then have their sorrows, too," I mourned. "He should have gone to jail just as any low-life would have."

"Who?" asked Mr. O'Farrell.

"Why, this son-in-law who stole the jewels."

"He didn't steal them. His wife did. She stole them and handed them over to him."

"You mean to tell me that she robbed her mother to make it possible for him to pay his gambling debts and keep a lot of clamoring women quiet?"

"Nothing else."

"Well, I'll be damned. It seems to me——"

"Ah, yes," sighed Mr. O'Farrell. "It seems to you. But it didn't seem to her. And you can't dope out that girl's mind as you sit here with me eating peach Melba, either. Maybe she loved the rat. Maybe she was full of pride. Maybe anything."

"Anyway," I insisted, "Mrs. Plango's mother is dead. Also, the jewelry Mrs. Plango lost was hers, not her mother's. What——"

"Save your breath," said Mr. O'Farrell. "I told you I was not on the Plango case but I have been known as Mr. Seymour at various times in my long and honorable career."

THE END

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"SEE that coupon? Remember the day you urged me to send it to Scranton? It was the best thing I ever did.

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Pictures by
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The wife.

SHE was one of the great Legion family who never heed a warning sign until after they have crashed through it.

There had been red flags enough along the path of young Mrs. Harry Lispenard and no lack of friends to exclaim against her reckless disdain of appearances.

Even her devoted husband murmured at last:

"You are so incapable of evil, my dear, that you are innocent of how it looks. It looks very ugly. It's not at all becoming to an angel like you. Besides you are making me rather ridiculous—not to say contemptible. You don't want to do that, do you, Helen? Won't you remember that few people are as pure-minded as you are?"

To his amazement Helen flung herself promptly into his arms with the almost forgotten fervor of their honeymoon, and from that day abandoned all flirtations, alarums, and excursions.

Harry Lispenard was too delighted by their redeemed felicity to imagine that his ironic warning had come too late, and that Captain Tristram Haden, the leading home wrecker of the neighborhood, had already added Helen to his black book of conquests.

But Haden did not finish wrecking the Lispenard home, for Helen was rescued from his cleverness by the divine folly of her husband's trust. She longed to absolve herself by confession, but she felt that this would be a ruthless selfishness.

She had no right to break her husband's heart and the only true atonement was to give him back the full measure of her first love.

But the anger of Heaven was prompt and ghastly. Her shame was doubled by the pride her husband took in the delusion that at last he was to have an heir.

"If it's a girl, as I hope it will be, we'll name her after her saint of a mother. If it's a boy, as I hope still more, we'll name it after his old devil of a daddy. Me!"

When her travail was upon her she had to grind her teeth to keep from crying aloud that her husband must not touch the spurious child. She longed to be denounced, disgraced, divorced, and cast out into the wilderness with the visible proof of her infamy.

But she loved her husband and his love of her so well that, for his sake, she denied herself even the luxury of infamy. Her hell of remorse was within.

All babies are half-modeled lumps of red clay at first and, since they look like nobody, may easily be said to look like anybody. So Helen lay and grimaced as Harry's family and her own and all the visitors gibbered and squeaked over the infant, agreeing that he was the absolute image of his father.

They meant Harry; but she thought of Captain Haden and wondered how long her exposure could be deferred. Harry was a brunette as was she; but Captain Haden had flaming red curls. The baby had a little thatch of gold. That was not surprising in an infant but when it began to turn—not dark, but red—how the people would snicker and hiss who had commented on her affair with Haden and still more upon its abrupt conclusion!

She watched the baby with a dreadful fas

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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The husband.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

cination as if he were a worm that would grow to a venomous serpent. When he learned to talk, would he babble the hideous secret of his parentage?

She began to hate Captain Tristram Haden so furiously that it seemed her very animosity must drive him out of town. But he lingered on, as if waiting for the child to grow up into his very replica so that people could say:

"Helen Lispenard hasn't spoken to the red-headed Captain for six years, but her red-headed five-year-old is his speaking likeness."

SHE could hear in fancy the chittering of the backbiters and the scandalmongers in the treetops and cringed before their merely postponed revenge.

But it takes a long time for a child to grow up; and by degrees Helen became as calloused to her torment as an Indian fakir to his bed of spikes. In the chemistry of character old errors take on soft shadows like old paintings and rich lusters like old bronzes. Old pangs grow more pleasant in retrospect than old delight.

As Helen's peaceful life with her husband grew more and more stodgily monotonous her catastrophe was transformed into an adventure, a supreme expression of herself not altogether uncomfortable to remember. It is of our sins rather than our virtues that we must say, *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

Old collegians meeting recall only the truancies and deviltries of their academic careers, and Helen's mind began to regard her crime with a certain devotion. Being her one great mistake, it took on the preciousness of all unique things. She could not boast of it or even admit it to anyone, of course; yet on dull evenings when her husband snored by the fire she glowed again in the reflected ruddiness of that far-off flame in the deep inglenook of her soul.

When in the course of her haphazard readings she came upon the story of some great man whose origin had been illegal, she would wonder if her son might not be famous also. She took up foreign history, where there is a greater frankness if not a greater frequency in such matters, and after the first shock of the word began to get a little thrill from such sonorous titles as Don John the Bastard of Austria. She found the challenging word recurrent in Shakespeare, and it rang like a trumpet in her ears.

When Hester Prynne found that she must wear a letter "A," she embroidered it in scarlet. So Helen Lispenard, though she had not yet been compelled to the open pillory, thought of the infamous initial under her cloak as something romantic and glowing.

With increasing impatience she waited for her son to grow up to the high privileges of his bar sinister. She resented more and more her husband's eternal prate of his plans for the lad's future. What claim had he upon that glory and grandeur? Gradually her lapse became a triumph and she less repented it than plumed herself upon it. She was a good woman but not from any lack of ability for crime. She could have been as great a sinner as the best of the royal mistresses if she had wanted to! But she boasted always to herself, of course—always only to herself. For a good reputation is a comfortable thing however ill earned.

At last the boy approached maturity.

His features and his figure took on their final mold. But he was singularly reluctant about publishing his resemblance to Captain Haden. In his reticence he did not even suggest his mother. He looked like nobody on earth except the man whose name he bore.

Increasingly people spoke to her of the growing likeness of Harry Junior to Harry Senior. In every feature, every mannerism, every trick of character he was a miniature of her husband.

HELEN LISPENARD tried to lay the blame on some contagion of environment, prenatal influence, or what not.

But insidious doubt began to undermine her pride in her one vicious achievement. She began to lose confidence in Captain Tristram Haden!

Had she, then, sinned in vain? Had she lost her one invaluable evidence that she had not always been invincibly respectable?

The scales fell from her eyes at last. She saw her nakedness. She was destitute of remorse. Her darling child of shame was a common

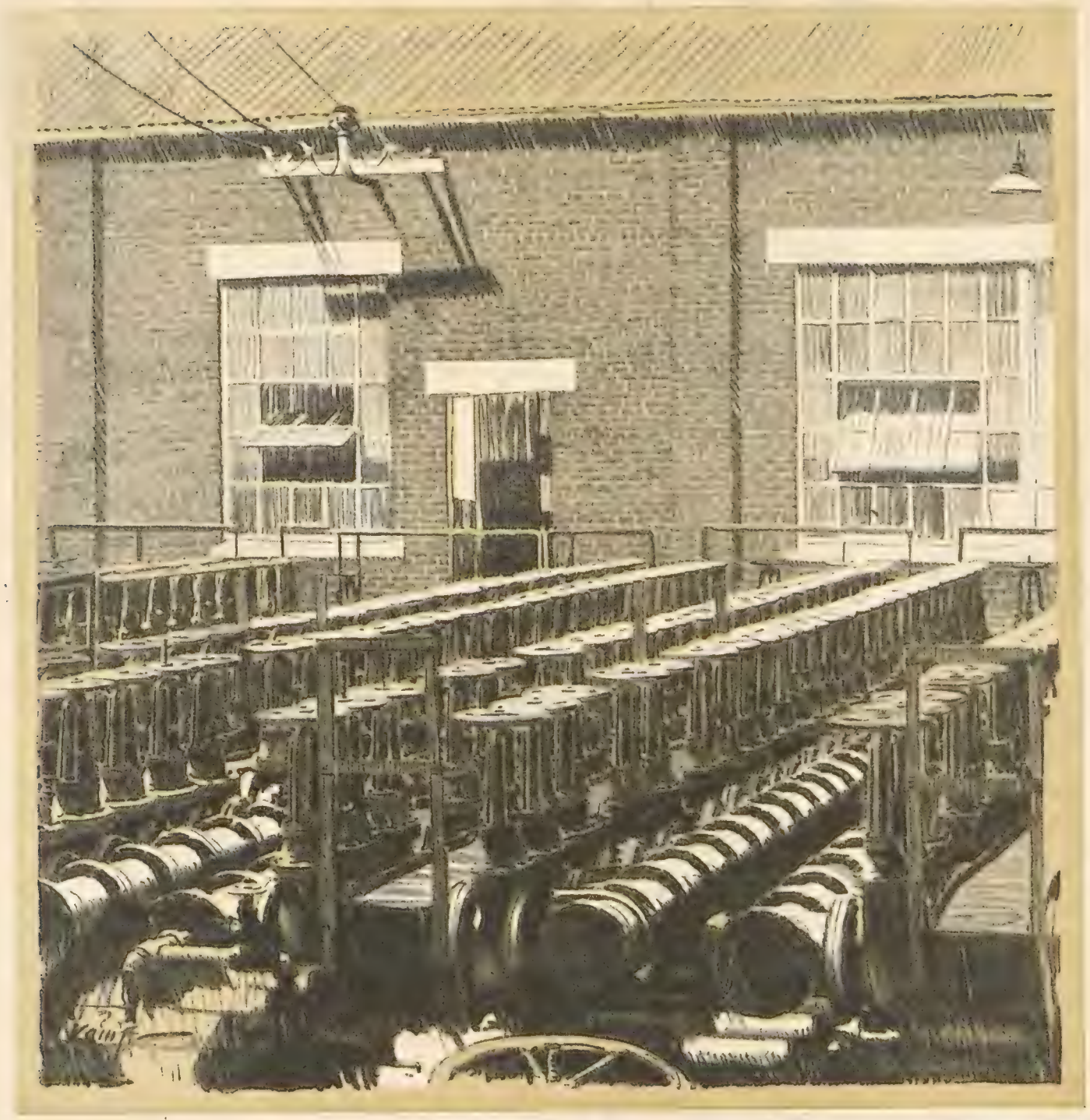
The baby.

legitimate son of honest wedlock.

She had hated Captain Haden magnificently; but now she realized how hopelessly inferior he was to her husband. This was the ultimate devastation of her punishment.

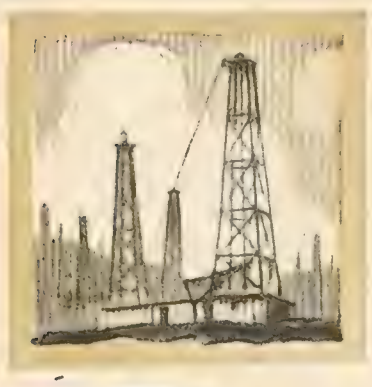
THE END

CRANE VALVES



Helping to produce 31,000,000 gallons of "gas" a day

The illustration above is Mid-Continent Petroleum Co. Pump House No. 2 at Tulsa, Okla. Allen and Day, Omaha, engineers and contractors. With a capacity of 1,500,000 gallons a day, it is the largest refinery in its field. Crane valves, fittings, and piping materials used.



COME quick, there's oceans of oil! So wrote Uncle Billy Smith from Titusville, Pa., in August, 1859. The country's first oil well, drilled under the direction of Edwin Drake, ex-railroad conductor, had "come in" with 25 barrels of crude a day.

That was just four years after the founding of Crane Co. in 1855. And as the oil industry grew to its present 2,000,000 barrels a day, Crane too was broadening out. It was pioneering in the chemical control of raw materials, determining the behavior of metals under the stress of high temperatures, improving design and manufacture.

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Why WE Blush

By

Brenda Ueland

Pictures by DELAVANTE

Science Finds Three Reasons for the Flushed Cheek and Seeks a Cure

BLUSHING, most persons think, is no more than an endearing trait of pretty young women and bashful youths. But to persons who are habitual blushers it is a serious affliction, causing them to shun the world and handicapping them so much that scientists have made a study of it with a view to curing it.

The continual dread of blushing makes the inordinate blusher absurdly timid and shy; he is in agony if people look at him; afraid to appear in public; afraid to take part in conversation.

The face grows red from many causes but a blush (by scientific definition) is that flush which arises from three emotional states of mind: shame (such as when one has been caught in a lie), modesty (which is humility plus an emotion provoked by an indelicacy), or shyness.

Shyness is the chief cause of blushing. Novelists, it is true, in writing of blushing refer most frequently to the blush of shame. But Charles Darwin concluded that:

"A person will blush a hundred or even a thousand times for shyness to once that he blushes for shame—that is, from a sense of blame."

To be shy you must be excessively self-conscious. In other words, you must be too much aware of your own thoughts and appearance and must (for the time being at least) hold yourself in very low esteem—that is, feel that you are homely or awkward or dull. And also you must be very sensitive to the opinion of others.

Children under three are rarely conscious of their appearance and are indifferent to the opinion of others. Consequently children under three never blush. Also idiots, who are incapable of emotional states like shyness or shame or modesty, never blush.

The persons who blush the most are the young ones of twenty years or thereabouts. For it is at this age that people are most introspective and most self-conscious, most sensitive to the opinion of others, and most aware of their appearance. So this explains why young women blush more than others. They are more interested in their appearance than are others.

From fifteen to twenty years is the most self-conscious age, because then young people are the most fearful of being considered unattractive and are the most anxious to have the approval of others. During these years they are the most romantic—the most preoccupied with thoughts of love.

At the same time they are ashamed that anyone should ever think for a minute that they are in love. Although in their innermost hearts they consider being in love is very thrilling, also (as they have been taught in childhood) it is somewhat shocking and undoubtedly very snappy. On top of that their parents and elders, whose approval they desire, are usually very much opposed to any such nonsense. That is why, when you tease some youth or maiden by mentioning a name and get the name right, a painful feeling of exposure and shame makes him or her blush.

Here, roughly, is what happens when you blush. The skin has three principal layers. The outer skin, which is thin and transparent—i. e.: the part that is raised by a blister. Under this the *rete mucosum,* or seat of color, which contains the pigmentation and determines the complexion of a person. Then, third, the cutis, or true skin. This true skin consists of tissue permeated in every direction by a network of tiny blood vessels. When these are dilated with blood the face becomes red.

Why does the blush appear on the face only? The first theory was that because the face is so much exposed to the cold the tiny blood vessels in it have become used to dilating, and so when a person blushes the blood rushes most easily to the face. But Darwin had a different explanation of why blushes appear on the face.

The face is the chief object of self-attention. It is the chief seat of beauty or ugliness throughout the world. And therefore it has had an extra amount of attention bestowed upon it through successive generations. Now, it is well known that when a person's attention is directed to any part of the body this attention is capable of bringing about distinct changes in that part, the most common being the dilation of the blood vessels of that part of the body.

Negroes blush and so do Indians, the only difference being that the blush is not so perceptible as in thin-skinned blondes. This has been discovered by seeing the blush appear in pale scars on their faces.

Brunettes blush exactly as much as blondes, but a Dane will blush a vivid red, while the blush of a swarthy Spaniard won't be so startlingly apparent. Consequently there is a popular belief that blondes blush more than brunettes.

An interesting thing is that our faces, evidently, are what make us vulnerable to self-consciousness and shyness. If the face is shielded one becomes brave and unabashed. Dr. Harry Campbell, a noted scientist who made a study of blushing, wrote:

"I remember once witnessing an attempt at dramatic representation by a number of boys ranging from twelve to fourteen years. When the moment to begin the show arrived one or two made a feeble attempt to start. But suddenly there was a general stampede, only two remaining on the stage. And it is interesting to note that one of these wore a mask, while the other had his face blacked."

The only persons in the world who do not find blushing disagreeable are accomplished coquettes. And, according to von Hartmann, a German scientist, there are some flirtatious women who have the ability to blush or grow pale whenever they please.

This extraordinary talent they make use of, considering it one of the most irresistible of their wiles.

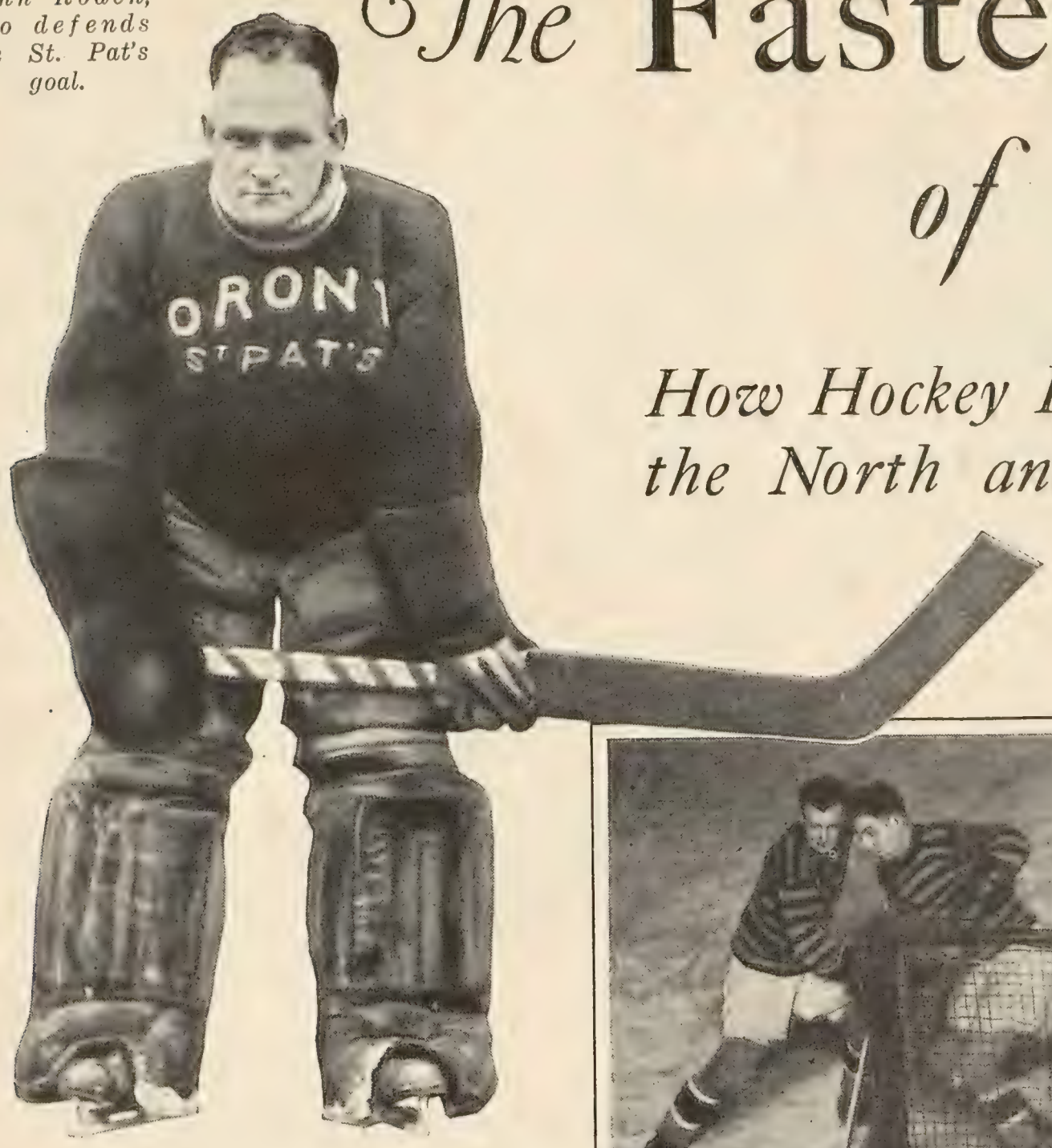
THE END

The Fastest Game of ALL

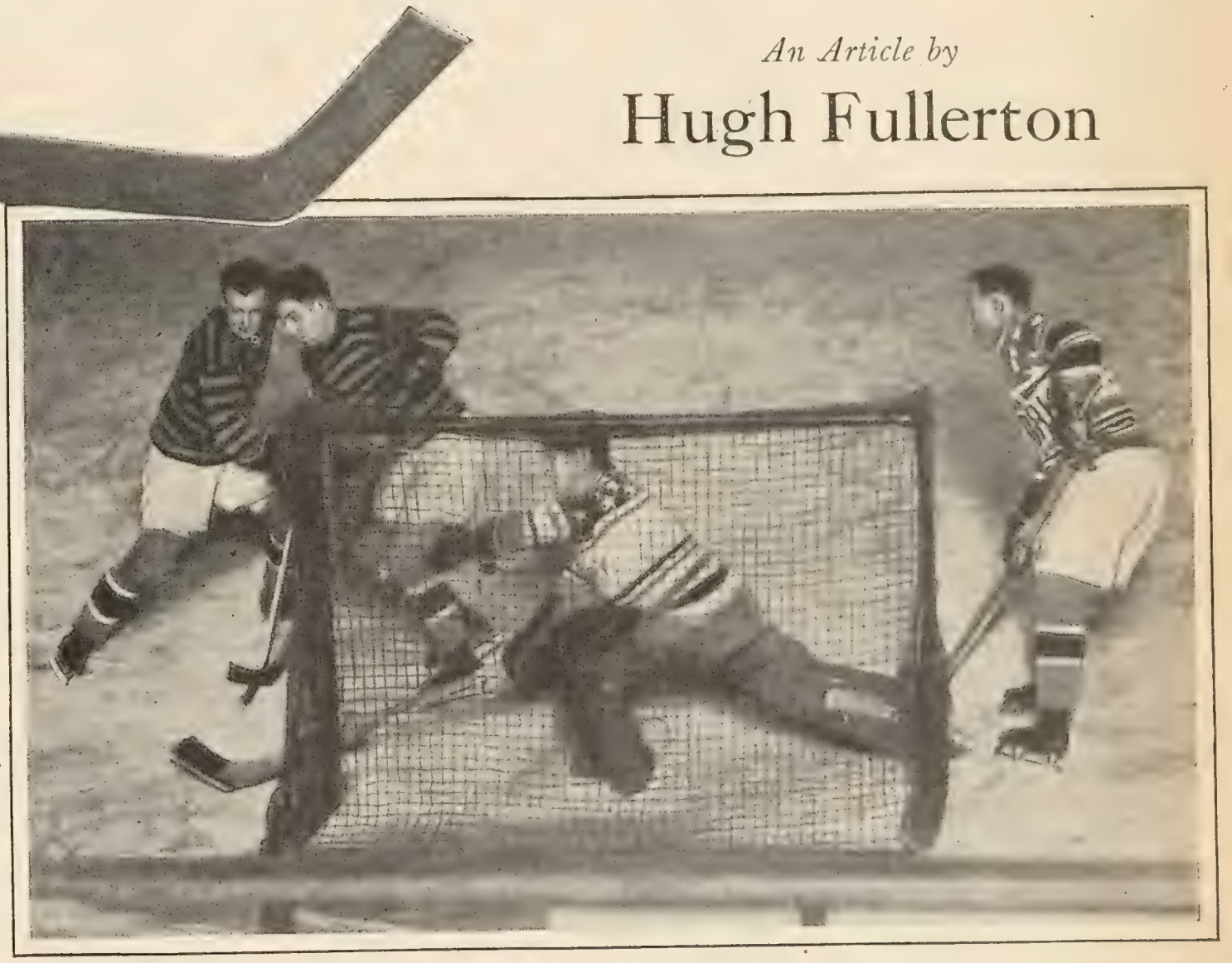
How Hockey Has Come Down from the North and Conquered America

An Article by

Hugh Fullerton



John Roach, who defends the St. Pat's goal.



A frenzied struggle before the New York team's goal in game with Les Canadiens.

AMERICA has found a new sport to fill in between baseball and football and make a complete cycle of thrills.

Hockey, which is shinny with a college education, has poured down from Canada and seized upon the northern half of the United States.

Three professional leagues, a score of amateur leagues, thirty-two colleges, and more than six hundred teams were on the ice in the United States last winter; and this newest and fastest of sports threatens to seize upon the country with a grip as strong as it has upon the land of its birth.

The Hockey World's Series early in April will end a successful season.

With the building of great ice rinks in Boston, New York, and Pittsburgh, Portland, Seattle, Cleveland, Buffalo, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other cities, and with Chicago and San Francisco building rinks while Philadelphia and St. Louis are preparing to resume activities, the boom is on in earnest.

Captain Billy Burch of the New York team.

Already in the first season of the National Hockey League the greatest crowds that ever saw the Canadian game have attended contests in New York and Pittsburgh; while the play-off games to decide the champions of the two major leagues have stirred interest in all parts of the country.

Hockey's grip upon Canada, where it was invented, is much greater than that of baseball on the United States. Montreal alone has eleven amateur and two professional leagues, besides scores of independents, with more than two thousand players of established rank and, it is estimated, more than twenty thousand other players. Almost every village in Canada has its junior and senior leagues and a team that represents it at large. Every college and school has a league and a representative team. There are, it is estimated, more than eighteen thousand organized teams in Canada, averaging twelve members to a team.

Most of them play on natural ice rinks, although there are now seventeen artificial ice rinks scattered from coast to coast to meet the popular demand for longer seasons.

Oddly enough it is largely through one man that hockey seems finally to have broken over the Canadian boundary with the promise of becoming also the national winter sport of the United States. That man is Joe Page, known as "the Father of Baseball in Canada." Page went from Chicago to Canada more than thirty years ago, when a baseball bat was unknown there and when lacrosse was played in every level space. He converted Canada to baseball and for years has striven to convert the United States to hockey.

Lack of knowledge of the game, lack of ice that could be depended upon, and the tremendous cost of building and maintaining artificial ice rinks handicapped Page's efforts. But, having fathered baseball in Canada and fourteen children of his own, Joe still aspired to sire hockey south of the line.

Half a dozen times the game has seemed to gain a foothold in the United States, only to fade out. Rinks were too small to permit large numbers to see the game; or poor teams played; or if a good team was imported from Canada it had no worthwhile competition and lack of interest resulted.

Page, however, was busy interesting capitalists. "Once let the fans see this game played right," he predicted, "and the United

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

George Vezina, a real hockey hero.

60 Days Ago They Called Me "BALDY"

Now my friends are amazed. They all ask me how I was able to grow new hair in such a short time

BOB MILLER and I had both been getting bald for years. We had tried almost every hair restorer on the market. But we might as well have used brass polish.

One day Bob left town—a business trip. Weeks passed. I began to wonder if I'd ever see him again.

One afternoon at the office I heard a familiar voice—"Hello, Baldy," it said. I glanced up, annoyed. There stood Bob.

"For Pete's sake!" I exclaimed, "where have you been keeping yourself?"

We shook hands. "Take off your hat," I suggested sarcastically. "Let me gaze on that 'luxuriant hair' of yours. I haven't seen it for weeks."

"Luxuriant hair is right," he retorted. "I've got the finest growth of hair you ever saw!"

I laughed out loud! "Know any more jokes?" I said.

Bob stepped back and swept off his hat. I couldn't believe my eyes. The top of his head, once almost bare, was covered with a brand new growth of real, honest to goodness hair!

A New Way to Grow Hair

That night I went to Bob's house to try his new hair-growing treatment. He sat me in a chair and placed a strange apparatus on my head and turned on the electricity. The treatment lasted 15 minutes. At the end of the treatment I rubbed the top of my head. "Well, Bob," I chuckled, "I don't feel any new hair."

"Of course you don't," Bob came back. "But just you wait a while."

On my way home I read a booklet which Bob had given me. It described a new method of growing hair—discovered by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It was the only treatment I ever heard of that got right down to the *roots* of the hair and awakened them to new activity. Bob was proof. I decided to send for the treatment immediately.

I Get the Surprise of My Life

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. The first two or three days nothing happened. But I could feel my scalp beginning to tingle with new life—new vigor. Then one day when I looked in the mirror I got the thrill of a lifetime. All over my head a fine, downy fuzz was beginning to appear. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And after 60 days my worries about baldness were ended. I had gained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of loss of hair the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. To make a sickly tree grow you would not rub "growing fluid" on the leaves. You must nourish the *roots*. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results secured through personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—*at a cost of only a few cents a day.*

Merke frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases nothing can help. But so many have regained hair this new way, that no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then your money is instantly refunded. And you are the sole judge.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment. "The New Way to Make Hair Grow" is a 34-page book which explains the Merke Treatment in detail. It will be sent you entirely free if you simply mail the coupon below.

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[THE FASTEST GAME OF ALL Continued from Page Fifty-three]

States will go wild over hockey. It is faster than baseball or football, requires more skill, has more action, takes more nerve and stamina than any other game. The United States will go wild over it."

Last winter New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, and several of the way points began to "go wild." Tex Rickard with his big New Madison Square Garden in New York, Townsend with his great Duquesne Gardens in Pittsburgh, and Adams with the Boston rink, joined in the movement to popularize the Canadian sport. St. Paul, Duluth, Minneapolis, and many other Northwestern cities had teams. The Canadian West, closely associated with the Pacific Coast States, spread the game to Portland and Seattle and other cities this side of the line.

Red Green, New York star.

Northern New England and Boston have had expert hockey for years and most of the smaller towns have teams. The greatest player the United States has developed—Hobey Baker, the famous Princeton star, who was killed in France and in whose honor the great Hobey Baker Memorial Rink at Princeton was erected—learned his game, for instance, at St. Paul's Preparatory School at Concord, New Hampshire. In that town there are thirty open-air rinks where hockey is played literally day and night.

WITH the opening of the huge arenas last winter, the Eastern colleges formed a league of twelve such American and Canadian institutions. The mid-Western schools also took up hockey and formed a new conference circuit. But it was the forming of strong teams in the American cities that started the boom. Without skilled competition all the ice palaces could not convert the United States to hockey. The effect of strong teams fighting for the pennant in the National Hockey League, pitted against the best of Canada, immediately spurred local interest and spread the sport. Pittsburgh, New York, and Boston all now have amateur leagues, with players learning from the performances of the big stars.

Perhaps the greatest aggregation of stars, although not the best team because it is lacking in organized experience, is the team that represents New York, captained by "Yonkers Billy" Burch, who was born in Yonkers but was for years a resident of Canada. Micky Roach, who learned his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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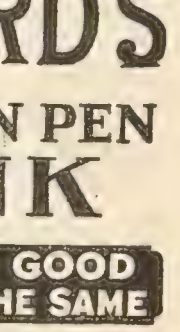

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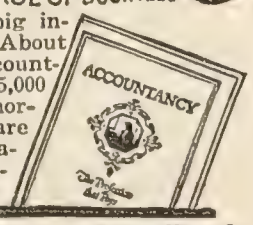

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

hockey in Boston and later in Canada, is one of the fastest of skaters. On the team are Vernon (Verdun) Forbes, the goal, Charlie Langlois, Billy Cameron, Shorty and Red Green, "Crutchy" Morrison, Joe Simpson, Alec McKinnon, Eddie Bouchard, and "Spiff" Campbell—who have all won their emblems in championship competition and on other fields.

ON this team are some players who came back from France, where nearly twenty per cent of the star professional hockey players of Canada now lie. Joe Simpson, who was a trapper far up in the Hudson's Bay country, went overseas with the Little Black Devils of Winnipeg, was wounded, decorated with the Military Cross for gallantry at Verdun, and returned to take up his hockey stick again.

Shorty Green, who with his brother are stars on the team, was a fire ranger in Canada. He went overseas with the Seventy-second Battalion, was wounded and gassed and lay on the field of Amiens for thirty-six hours, was listed as dead—and came out to play again.

"Sleepy" Benedict, Montreal goal.

Alec McKinnon, who went with the tank corps from Toronto, wears his Military Cross modestly.

Throughout the ranks of the pros of the National Hockey League you will find heroes of the Great War. And the New York boys, it appears, are heroes in peace.

Soon after the start of the season last winter the team was caught in a wreck on the Pennsylvania in which twenty passengers were injured. Four of the players were badly hurt and the others jarred and shaken. Without sleep, lamed and damaged, they played the following night, however—though two of them were so badly banged up they played against a doctor's orders.

The history of the game is filled with such tales. There is the case of George Vezina, one of the oldest and most famous players in the game. He is mayor of Chitocmi, sheriff of his district, postmaster, theater owner, and the father of twenty-two children, including three sets of triplets. He has played hockey all his life and with some of the greatest teams in Canada. This year he started with Les Canadiens of Montreal.

He started the first game against Pittsburgh; but at the end of the initial period he was taken from the ice with a temperature

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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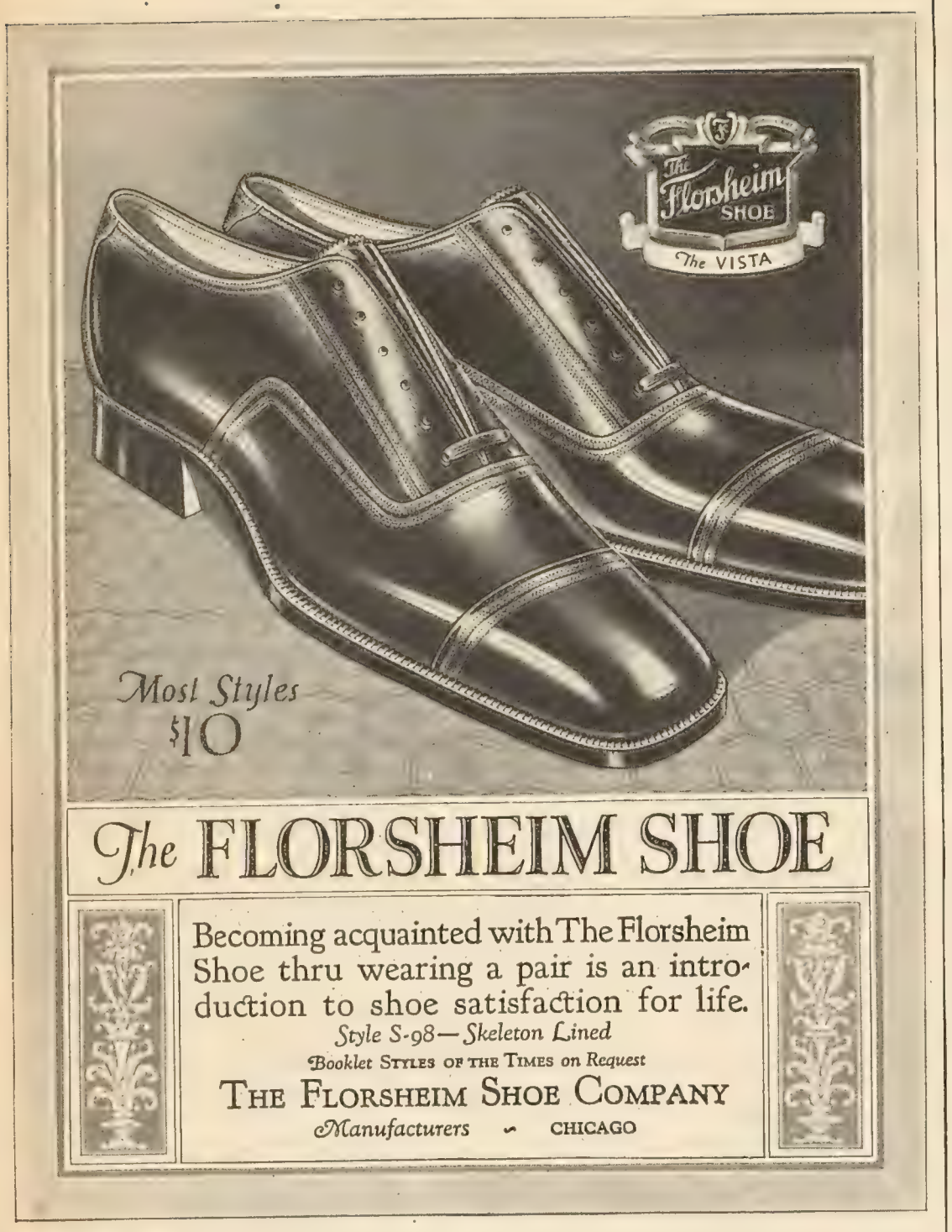

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[THE FASTEST GAME OF ALL
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

of 105° and in a state of collapse. The doctors told him he had tuberculosis and only a short time to live. When the owner of the team, weeping, asked him what he wanted, he said:

"Get me my sweater."

And the sweater he had worn through so many desperate rink battles was given him as he went home to die.

The three most noted names in Canadian hockey are Joe, Leo, and Louie. Everyone speaks of them that way, perhaps because their other names are Donderondi, Cattarniche, and Latourneaux—all of Montreal.

The Boston team has Dr. Stewart, Sprague, Cleghorn, Art Ross, and Hitchman, who served for years in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Pittsburgh has Lionel Conacher, one of the greatest of Canadian all-round athletes. The Montreal Maroons have Clint Benedict, Reggie Noble, Duncan Monroe, and Sammy Rothschild.

The St. Pats of Toronto, champions of 1922, have Babe Dye, who also is a player on the Buffalo International League Team, John Ross Roach, one of the best of goals, and Bert Corbeau, who in private life is an undertaker.

Ottawa has Frank Clancey, a forward who is the Ty Cobb of hockey, the best skater in the game, Hooley Smith, who played with the Canadian Olympic Team, and George Boucher.

The game, the enthusiasts claim, is in its infancy even now, and trying to get in to see any important game seems to bear out those claims.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Why Stars Are Like Measles

A little friend of mine had just recovered from measles. She went for a ride with her parents just at dusk. After a thoughtful silence on her part, she remarked:

"Mother, the stars are just like the measles. First you just see one or two, and all at once they just break out all over!"—Mrs. C. L. G., Attica, Ind.

* * *

And How They Buttered Them!

Jimmie stood watching some bricklayers at work. A little later his mother asked:

"Well, and what has my little boy been doing?"

"Oh, I've been watching some men buttering some bricks."—R. H. W., Detroit, Mich.

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The Jew in the Melting Pot

An Article on His Attitude Toward American Institutions

By FRANKLIN FARGO

Orchard Street in New York's ghetto district.

THE Jew is the great individualist. Politically he is notoriously independent. Time after time he is found voting for the Gentile opponent of an apparently equally competent Jew.

As a race he is intensely individualistic in business. Social competition among the Jews is sharper and more aggressive than in Gentile circles. Even in his religion the Jew is competitive. There are in New York City between seven hundred and eight hundred synagogues each independent of the rest. There are no Jewish cardinals, bishops, or like ruling officers, to co-ordinate religious work.

If you would have additional proof of the Jew's insistence upon personal autonomy go into the large ghetto or into that business center which is exclusively Jewish. Nowhere does one see such self-determination. Even traffic rules are scorned.

The business trusts—the great combinations of banks, manufactories, and public utilities—were Gentile creations. The Jew is too much of the individualist to submerge himself and his in identity-cloaking combines.

It is a notorious fact that there is no political and economic reaction as unrelenting as that of the Jew who once was a Socialist but who since has been graduated from the pay roll of a cloak and suit manufacturer to a factory of his own, and from a tenement in the ghetto to an eight-room flat in a marble and limestone apartment house uptown.

The fierce individualism of the Jew is one of the great problems of the Zionist leaders. Prominent spokesmen for the Jewish nationalism movement declare that although

P. & A. Photos.

A TRIO of Russian immigrants at their daily reading lesson.

seventy-five per cent of the Jews in America are in warm sympathy with Zionism, fewer than fifteen per cent of them would be willing to leave America for Jerusalem.

This individualism of the Jew, combined with what Theodor Mommsen, the historian, calls his "lack of the gift of political organization," would seem to remove him from the category of the would-be usurper and deny that he is the menace the anti-Semite names him.

So far the Jew has not loomed large upon the horizon of greatness in America. Numerically he is growing. There are three million six hundred thousand of him in the United States, the estimated population of which, for 1925, was one hundred and thirteen million four hundred thousand. There are, according to the Bureau of Jewish Special Research, about fifteen million five hundred and fifty thousand Jews in the whole world.

If you look over the important banking institutions in New York City, where twenty-nine per cent of the population is Jewish, you will be impressed by the scarcity of Jews at the heads thereof and even in the directorates. This despite the fact that Jews are obviously large depositors. See the names controlling such as the American Exchange National Bank, the American Foreign Banking Corporation, the Bank of America, the Bank of New York and Trust Company, the Bank of Manhattan Company, the Bankers Trust Com-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Elusive Touch Called Beauty

Many women have known it, women whose memory will linger forever in the realm of Beauty. Their skin and complexion have possessed an alluring, bewitching touch overshadowing all feature defects. A pure, enticing beauty holding us all enthralled within its spell. This touch can be yours. You, too, may possess just such a skin and complexion if you will but allow

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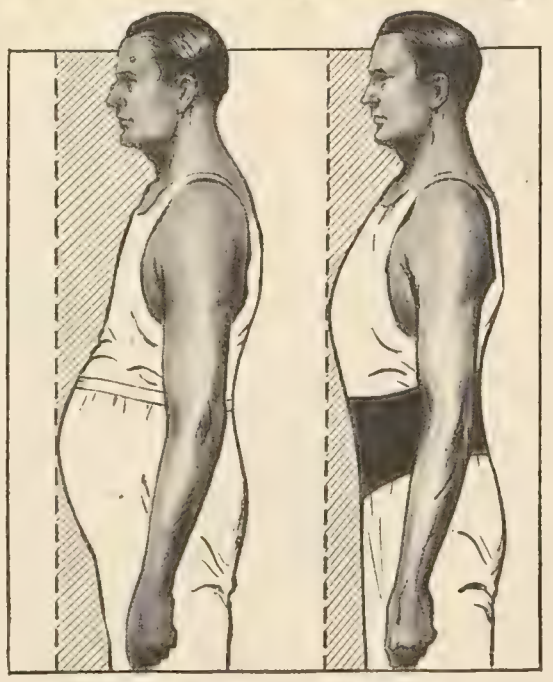

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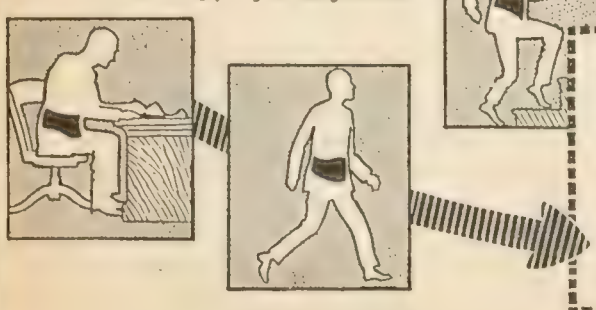

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[THE JEW IN THE MELTING POT
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

pany, the Bowery Savings Bank, the Central Union Trust Company, the Chase National Bank, the Chatham and Phenix National Bank, the Chemical National, the National City Bank, the Corn Exchange Bank, the Empire Trust Company, the Equitable Trust Company, the Farmers Loan and Trust Company, the Guaranty Trust Company, the Harriman National Bank, the Irving Bank and Columbia Trust Company, and so on. And understand that these institutions were not only founded by Gentiles but are still owned and directed by Gentiles.

One gets similar results viewing the directorates of the insurance, safe deposit, and guarantee companies and the big public utilities corporations and manufacturers.

KUHN, LOEB & COMPANY is the largest of the Jewish banking concerns, but it does not compare in wealth, influence, and importance with J. P. Morgan & Company, one hundred per cent Gentile. The comprehensive study of the Jews in America, made by Burton J. Hendrick in his book of that title, uncovers the fact that the famous Rothschild family of Europe was financially less important than certain combinations of Gentile wealth in America and that several American Christians could easily buy up all the Rothschilds without embarrassment.

Furthermore the Jews have no monopoly on the large retail mercantile establishments in New York City. Lord & Taylor, Wanamaker, Arnold Constable, McCreery, and others are department stores of Gentile ownership and management. And among the jewelers one finds the Gentile ruling the stores of greatest repute—Cartier, Tiffany, Gorham, Reed & Barton, Crichton, Black, Starr & Frost, and so on.

The theater in America is largely controlled by Jews, although Keith vaudeville is still supreme in that branch of entertainment, and it is a Gentile corporation. Curiously enough the Jewish actor is decidedly in the minority. Or is it a curious thing? The larger money is in theater owning and operating and exploitation.

The Jew controls the moving-picture industry, but he chooses a Gentile to be the overlord of the business—Will H. Hays. This fact, say the analysts of the Israelite in America, is another evidence of the self-consciousness of the Jew.

A more even distribution of the Jews in America has been and is being urged by their own leaders as well as by Gentiles; but the American Jew is strictly urban. He is not a producer in the sense

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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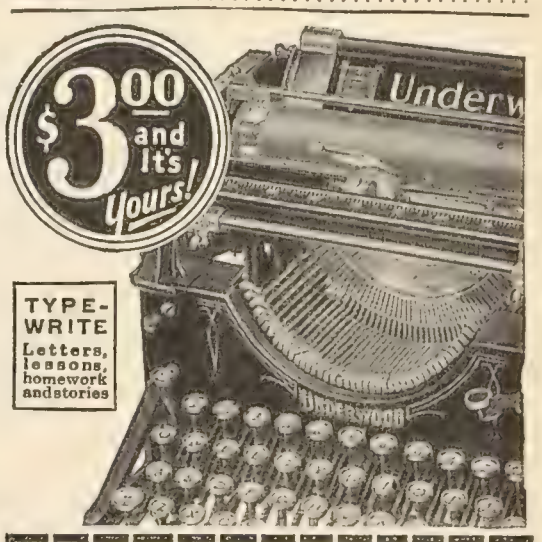

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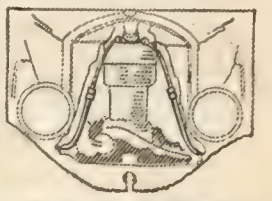

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

of the farmer and stock raiser. He is still the middleman. He is in the majority (yet he does not dominate) in the legal profession in New York City although not throughout the country. The controlling figures in the county, city, State, and national bar associations are still Gentiles. In medicine the Jew has an excellent record in America as elsewhere.

His own leaders agree that it would be better if such a large proportion of the race did not concentrate in New York City. Only about ten per cent of Chicago's population is of Israel, ten per cent of Philadelphia's, twelve per cent of Cleveland's, ten per cent of Detroit's, eight per cent of St. Louis', and eight per cent of Baltimore's.

It would be as impossible arbitrarily to try to force the Jew to redistribute himself in America as it would be unjust and unpolitic. Take the Jew out of New York and New York would at once fall away below its present dominance among American cities.

ONE night a group of the officers of the Twenty-eighth Division, A. E. F., were engaged in frank discussion of the Jewish soldier. One of them was particularly rough in his denunciation of the entire race. While he spoke another officer entered. When he had finished the late-comer said:

"I'm sorry you feel that way. *I* am a Jew."

"I didn't know it," said the anti-Semite. "You see, I'm not an expert at picking Jews by their looks. Thank God we haven't any Jews in the village I come from."

"Ah," said the Jew, "that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"Why it is a village."

The Jew has risen to no lofty or even important executive post in politics. He has not infrequently, however, sat in State and national legislatures. At least four Jews have been elected to the United States Senate and upward of forty to the House of Representatives.

One Jew—Oscar S. Straus—has reached the President's Cabinet. Mr. Straus was Secretary of Commerce and Labor under Theodore Roosevelt. Another is an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States — Louis D. Brandeis.

Not a little of the anti-Semitism abounding in America today has as its foundation the fact that the rank and file of the radical political activity is drawn from among the Jews. With few exceptions the leaders of the Reds in America are Jews.

It is not clear to the average Gentile mind in America why, if they are so desirous of overthrowing the existing form of govern-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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You don't need experience or training. Every home in your town is a live prospect. All you have to do is show the housewife a CED-O-BAG and take her order. We deliver and collect. You get your profits at once, and move on to the next house and take another order. Everyone buys. Geo. Jones took 22 orders in two days' spare time and had a clear profit of $22. 21 agents report an average profit of $3 an hour.

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Would you like to make an extra $100 or $200 a month, in your spare time? Would you like to gather a lump sum of $500 or $600 in a couple of months? If you would, here is your chance. Mail me the coupon and I will tell you all about this money-making proposition. I will show you how you can make $15 a day or more in this easy, pleasant, engaging work. I will show you the way to quick profits—big profits. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 707-F Dayton, Ohio

Mail This Now

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 707-F, Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir: Please send me full details of your money-making proposition by which I can make $15 a day in cash. This does not obligate me in any way.

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You Can't Grow Gray and Look Young

"To grow old gracefully" no longer suggests what it used to mean. The modern woman of 40 to 60 recognizes that it is her duty not to advertise her advancing years but to retain the look and charm of youth. Thereby does she keep in her heart the spirit of youth and the zest of living.

Our grandmothers had the same ambition but there was for them no safe method for tinting streaky gray, faded hair that tattled all too loudly that youth had fled.

In BROWNATONE the woman of today finds that which generations of women sought in vain—a hair coloring preparation that is as harmless as any other high-grade toilet requisite.

Refuse to Become Gray or even Gray Streaked

Every woman who knows even a little about physiology remembers that once Nature's own coloring fluid or pigment has disappeared from the core of a strand of hair, it is gone forever. There is not and cannot be any such thing as a color *restorer*.

Only by the use of a stain or tint is it possible to REPRODUCE, with a fidelity that defies detection, the exact original, natural shade, or any other tint desired. The tinting preparation, however, must be absolutely free from lead, sulphur, silver, mercury, zinc or peroxide. Also it must not contain Para Phenylenediamine.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

The most rigid tests and analysis made by some of the world's foremost chemists show that Brownatone contains none of these harmful ingredients—nothing to injure the hair, scalp or skin.

BROWNATONE permeates the hair thoroughly from surface to center, preserving its soft, fluffy, pliant texture. It will not rub nor wash off. Shampoos, baths and marcelles do not affect it. Simply brush or comb it through. Its results are instant and permanent. Apply again only when new hair has grown out.

Two shades: "Light Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Two sizes: 50c and $1.50—at all toilet goods counters—everywhere.

If you'd like to test BROWNATONE on a lock or an end of your hair, check on the coupon the color you wish and mail with 10c for generous sample in plain wrapping.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.,
Dept. K-2, Covington, Ky., U.S.A.
(Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.)
Enclosed is 10c for test bottle of Brownatone.
( ) Blonde to Med. Brown.
( ) Dark Brown to Jet Black.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....

[THE JEW IN THE MELTING POT Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

ment, so many Jews are insisting upon coming here. Why not, say these Gentiles, stay in Europe? There is neither room nor reason to go into that here; sufficient that such reasoning prevails. And it would be silly not to admit that, because so many Jews in America are radicals, some millions of American Gentiles dislike them.

Right or wrong, the country at large blames the Jew for radicalism in politics. And in radical meetings the Jews hissed no name with such vehemence as they did that of the late Samuel Gompers, a Jew and President of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Gompers was far from a radical. In the eyes of the politically minded Jews of the lower East Side of New York City he was a reactionary comparable to Henry Cabot Lodge.

THE most radical of all American trade unions has been, for years, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. This organization makes no pretense of being other than Red.

Its leaders boldly announced that its principal object was to emulate the Bolsheviki and take over the privately owned clothing industry. It hoped thus to inspire other labor unions to follow suit.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America is composed in overwhelming majority of Jews. But in even greater preponderance are their employers Jews. Persons of the same religion are fighting one another. If any of them happen to desert the union and set up in business for themselves they instantly change their politics. There is no capitalist stancher in his advocacy of the existing form of American government than the Jew who has come up from the sweatshop and factory, deserted Socialism, and become a boss.

Which all goes to illustrate the individualism of the Jew and is part of the complex problem the Jew in America presents not only to the nation at large but to his own leaders in Israel.

All these things I submitted to Rabbi Abram Hirschberg of the Temple Sholom in Chicago. He is a liberal. Over the doors of Temple Sholom (Peace) are these words from Isaiah:

"My house shall be a house of prayer for all peoples."

Dr. Hirschberg said:

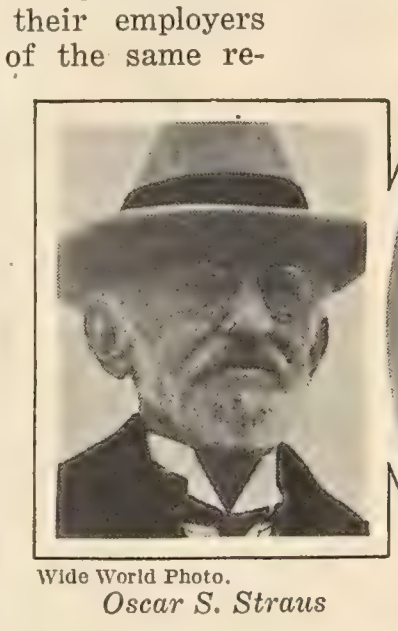
"There is a great confusion in the minds of the non-Jewish writers on the subject of the Jew. They identify the Jew as a member of a distinctive and peculiar racial or national group, when in fact he ought to be identified only as professing a particular religious philosophy of life.

"The Jew is neither a racial Jew nor a nationalistic Jew. He has certain racial inheritances, but he is solely and distinctively a Jew by reason of the religion that he professes.

"Just as a Catholic is a Catholic because of his religion and at the same time can be an American by nationality, so is a Jew by virtue of his religion a Jew but an American by virtue of his nationality.

"The statement has frequently been made that the Jew as a Jew has been a prime mover in the Soviet Government of Russia as well as in any number of radical and revolutionary movements. It is true that there have been any number of men and women identified with these leagues who in the public mind have been known as Jews, but the salient fact nevertheless remains that all of these people have been divorced from all affiliations with the Jewish religion. And the further fact remains that no Jew, if he is true to the teachings of his faith, can possibly subscribe to such revolutionary doctrines.

"There is a very interesting statement in the Talmud, which is a compilation of the teachings of various rabbis, to this effect—



Wide World Photo.
Oscar S. Straus

Wide World Photo.
Louis D. Brandeis

P. & A. Photo.
Rabbi Abram Hirschberg

'The law of the government must be your law. Whatever is the law of the government in which you live, is the law to which you must subscribe.'

"As a conspicuous example—Leon Trotzky, most active politician and propagandist of the Soviet Government, has always been identified as a Jew, while he himself disclaimed any such connection. It is true that he was born of Jewish parents, but he himself did not subscribe to any of the teachings of the Jewish religion; consequently he cannot be a Jew.

"In a yearbook of the Central Conference of American Rabbis the statement is explicitly made that the Jew in America is not sympathetically inclined to the Zionistic movement because this very movement involves the doctrine of a Jewish nationality and would create the impression that the Jew is only an alien yearning to set up a government of his own.

"WE Jews stand on the declaration that is made in the very first amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which says that Congress shall make no laws respecting the establishment of religion or preventing the free exercise thereof. For this reason we are opposed to any legislation which in any way would violate the religious consciousness of any citizen of the United States. This is thoroughly in keeping with the fine spirit of democracy and universalism and the doctrine of brotherhood in the Jewish religion.

"There are many passages in the prophetical writings that put strongest emphasis upon this liberal interpretation. For instance, the saying of the Prophet Micah: 'He hath showed thee O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' And the saying of the Prophet Malachi: 'Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?' We are all members of the same great human family. And that magnificent envisionment of the ideal state of society on the part of the Prophet Isaiah who dreamed of the coming of the day when they would beat swords into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks and would learn war no more.

"The Jew has always been an advocate of peace but he never has been a 'peace-at-any-price' man. In other words, he believes in a sane preparation for possible emergencies, not for a law of aggression, not for empire, and not for conquest, but merely for defense of his country's inalienable rights.

"We usually think of the Jew in terms of such presentations as have been given of him on the stage or in literature, when in reality the Jew of fact and the Jew of fiction are two entirely different personages. *Shylock* is not a typical Jew. He is human in his desire for revenge, but this spirit of revenge is entirely foreign to the spirit of Judaism."

THE END

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LEMON AND LIME FLAVORS

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The orange reaches its highest state of perfection in Florida where the rich soil, the sunshine and the tropic rains combine to make this fruit luscious and heavy with healthful juice. And Florida's finest oranges are shipped to market under the Seald-Sweet label. Let that be your guide and your protection. Ask for Seald-Sweet oranges and get one-fourth more juice.

Note: Down in the grove country of Florida, the native selects his orange by weight and not by the color of the skin. The "brights" are just as sweet and juicy as the "russets." Florida's heaviest, juiciest oranges are labeled Seald-Sweet.

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Florida's finest Oranges

The *Seald-Sweet Juice Extractor* gets all the luscious juice from each Seald-Sweet orange or grapefruit. Its regular price is $3.00. We will send it to you for $1.50 and 36 Seald-Sweet wrappers. The *Seald-Sweet Recipe Book* by Christine Frederick, famous domestic science authority, tells many delicious ways of serving this famous fruit. Just check the coupon and we'll send it free.

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A PAGE ABOUT THE MOVIES

LIGHTS! *ACTION!* CAMERA!

BY ALVA TAYLOR

DANCING MOTHERS

Directed by Herbert Brenon A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Ethel Westcourt.....*Alice Joyce*
Jerry Naughton.....*Conway Tearle*
Kittens Westcourt.....*Clara Bow*
Kenneth Cobb.....*Donald Keith*
Irma.....*Elsie Lawson*
Hugh Westcourt.....*Norman Trevor*

DANCING MOTHERS is the kind of picture in which the mother of the family is neglected by selfish flapper daughter and unfaithful husband to such an extent that she finally decides to do a little living herself and proceeds to make the "rotter" her daughter is playing around with fall in love with her, causing no little emotion in her husband's breast.

Clara Bow

But Dancing Mothers is better than the average picture on this theme. In the end there is no joyous family reunion, with everyone weeping on everyone else's shoulder. Nor does mother divorce father and marry the other man, who is in love seriously for the first time in his life. Instead the story ends as life really might, with the feeling in the air that some day perhaps mother may come back.

A questionnaire was attached to the end of the program handed out at the Rivoli Theatre in New York where I saw the picture. It inquires whether one would prefer to have seen the family reunited in the end. Possibly by the time you get around to see the picture the majority of opinions will have caused the producers to put a new ending on the picture. Well, if that happens and you don't like the new ending, remember that it could be the other way, and let your imagination give the picture the ending you prefer.

The beginning goes something like this:

Mrs. Westcourt dines alone nearly every evening. Kittens Westcourt telephones that she is staying with a girl friend, whereas she is really dining and dancing with Jerry Naughton, well known philanderer and man about town. Mr. Westcourt telephones that he must go to Philadelphia again "on business," whereas he is really dining and dancing with Irma, of questionable character.

Conway Tearle

Alice Joyce as Mrs. Westcourt is beautiful, as she always is, and it is not hard to imagine that Jerry Naughton can fall in love with her in earnest. When she meets him he doesn't know that she is the mother of the little flapper for whom he does not care a straw but with whom he finds it amusing to play around. To him the beautiful lady is Yvonne de Bresac, charming and French. When she comes to his apartment to dine and finds her daughter there uninvited, everyone finds out what everyone else is doing. The dramatic moments are well done.

Clara Bow is a most vivacious flapper. You are sure to like the picture.

BEHIND THE FRONT

Directed by Edward Sutherland A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Riff Swanson.....*Wallace Beery*
Shorty McGee.....*Raymond Hatton*
Betty Barlett-Cooper.....*Mary Brian*
Percy Brown.....*Richard Arlen*
Captain Barlett-Cooper...*Hayden Stevenson*
Sergeant.....*Tom Kennedy*

YOU know Wallace Beery if you are a regular movie-goer. In this delightful new picture from the Paramount studios Mr. Beery plays a comedy part. If you don't get a stitch in your side from laughter at this war drama looked at from the humorous side, you had better see the family physician and find out what is wrong with your sense of humor.

Of all the ridiculous situations in the movie, one of the funniest is when Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, as Riff Swanson and Shorty, arrive in "sunny France" in one of

Raymond Hatton Wallace Beery

the deluges that characterized *la belle France* at the time. They are carrying the trunks of the captain. They walk into a sea of mud up to their waists. A French officer in angry voice addresses them: "*Que faites vous la bas?*" (What are you doing down there?)

Riff and Shorty, drenched with mud, salute: "Lafayette, we are here."

The house is in an uproar.

The same spirit prevails throughout. Swanson and Shorty never do find out what the war is all about. They are in wrong from the first moment they go over the top to the final grand climax when they capture a German tank and, using barbed wire as nets, haul in whole platoons of Germans, returning triumphantly to the American lines with their prey, confident that they have won the war, only to find that the Armistice has been signed and that they are under arrest for violating it.

They have hilarious adventures with Brown's Biscuit. They even save the life of the hard-boiled sergeant who has made existence miserable for them.

Back from the war, they find their girl—the one who caused them both to enlist and who is their captain's sister—married to the maker of Brown's Biscuits. War is declared on Brown and Brown loses.

THE GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER

Directed by Malcolm St. Clair A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Albert Durant.....*Adolphe Menjou*
Grand Duchess.....*Florence Vidor*
Grand Duke Peter.....*Lawrence Grant*
Grand Duke Paul.....*Andre de Beranger*
Prascovia.....*Dot Farley*
Henriette.....*Barbara Pierce*

IF you are an Adolphe Menjou fan, as who isn't, you are not to miss the latest picture of this polished screen actor, The Grand Duchess and the Waiter. In case you don't know it, Mr. Menjou is the man who can play a sophisticated man of the world better than anyone else on the screen. He can with one little flicker of an eyelid, with one little raise of an eyebrow, with the most delicate shadings of facial expression, make subtitles almost unnecessary.

Florence Vidor

This new picture, taken from the stage play of the same name by Alfred Savoir, is as sparkling and delicious a piece of screen comedy as you will find, no matter how many movies you attend. Its Continental setting and racy little plot provide Malcolm St. Clair, the director, with just the kind of material which he most cleverly turns into good movies.

I don't see how anyone can resist Mr. Menjou as Albert Durant, millionaire, who falls in love at first sight with the Grand Duchess Xenia and who is obliged to disguise himself as a waiter and then as her personal servant in order to make himself a part of her existence.

Florence Vidor is more stunning than you have ever seen her as the Grand Duchess who is both annoyed and amused at the devotion of her waiter and who makes him her personal servant, delighting in making him wash the dogs, bring her breakfast in bed, and sleep on a mat in front of her door.

Albert has luxurious apartments on the floor above the royal suite, where he is served his breakfast by a troupe of waiters before he goes on duty. The Grand Duchess falls in love with her waiter in spite of herself and yields to his kisses the evening before she sees his picture in a society journal. Being poor and proud (she was a victim of the Revolution) she flees from her royal suite the next morning, and starts life anew as a charming and decorative proprietress of a country inn, which she buys with the proceeds of the sale of all her jewels, and where the Grand Duke Paul and the Grand Duke Peter become waiter and chef respectively.

Adolphe Menjou

Yes, Albert finds her there and she is not at all backward about starting life anew once more.

You are bound to enjoy to the full every minute of this picture. The combination of Adolphe and Malcolm St. Clair and Florence Vidor is a happy one.

TAFFETA, *the New Mode*

By PATRICIA

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

NO wardrobe will be complete this season without a taffeta frock. In the sketch you will find that we have selected designs suitable for the new fabrics; models that express character and that easily may be made at home. Skirts are still persistently short.

A combination of printed crepe silk and taffeta is shown in design No. 2528. Made on tailored lines, with flaring circular sections at side fronts of taffeta, cleverly adapted for trimming effect. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material, with 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

The smart little miss shown in design No. 2657 is wearing a navy blue taffeta frock with grosgrain ribbon in same shade for tie and sash. The pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8-year size takes only 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material, with 3¼ yards of ribbon.

Made of soft georgette crepe in gay printed pattern, design No. 2653 affects plain georgette crepe for its sleeves and scarf. Printed silk crepe, flat crepe, and light-weight woolens also may be used for its development. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

The cunning little dress in design No. 2652 is made of printed sateen. The collar is convertible. The skirt swings with a circular flare. Shantung, English broadcloth, gay gingham, novelty cotton prints, serge, wool jersey, and flannel are also fashionable for this model. Cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8-year size takes only 1⅝ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

A straightline frock with new Paris flare made of black taffeta is fashioned from design No. 2582. The sleeves are trimmed with self-covered buttons. The cascading jabot is made of soft flesh-colored lace. It's so smart and yet so wearable. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 4 yards of 40-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

With the slenderizing effect of its flattering V neckline, long waist, and low-placed flare, design No. 2659 is a becoming model. The collar may be worn tied high in bow. Gray taffeta is used for the circular skirt and trimming, with gray crepe silk printed in darker shade of gray and dark blue for the waist. Gray is a sign of smartness this season and this combination is most effective. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2¼ yards of 40-inch plain material, with 1¾ yards of 32-inch figured material.

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

Our pattern book contains hundreds of styles—styles for morning, afternoon, and evening—and nine picture dressmaking lessons. Any beginner can make an attractive dress with the help of these picture lessons. Send 10 cents now for your copy. Address Fashion Department, Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

Capes *are all the* Rage *in Paris*

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

YOU would think a flapper was writing of her first European social season if you read the letters of the Paris openings which the artist writes back home. Lady Edgerton acted as hostess at a tea amid Louis Sixteenth furniture, and there was a great deal of smoking and chatting as well as delicious refreshment. Only incidentally is mention made of a sleekly bobbed manikin displaying a new spring fashion.

As nearly as deducible this is inclined to sports style, jumper effect, metal trimmed, and in two colors, one of which is always black. Wine red, gold, bois de rose, pale green, dark blue, beige, and then again wine red are the colors — but nearly always with a black skirt for a background. There are silver and gold ornaments on sports frocks made of the variations of kasha material in pastel shades.

Shawls button up the back over jumper dresses. A scarf very often completes the costume. And always there is a hat to match (at least if Madame Georgette has anything to say about it), thus giving the effect of what the sports dress would look like out of doors on the lawn.

But this news is incidental in the artist's letter to the thrilling item that Monsieur and Madame Cyber received their friends on Tuesday evening and there was a beautiful orchestral program with a stunning harp solo. Champagne was served. Men in evening dress were among the guests. There was a showing of the clothes in their collection. Madame Cyber wore the evening dress which she expects to feature. It was sleeveless and of black jet.

Already from this and other ominous warnings I am prepared to make a deduction. Black will be upon us as a fashion soon again. Colors are veiled in black chiffon; black quilted taffeta coats, if you please, are popular; black tulle roses are used for decorations, and black evening dresses are the thing.

Guests hurried from the above fete to Prince and Princess Yuscupoff's, who maintained when they opened their salons last fall that they would not try to compete with the big houses on the Champs Elysees, and now some seem to think they have gone them one better in a certain simple aristocratic grace of design.

BLACK georgette cape trimmed with three circular flounces and a standing collar braided in gold. Premet.

SPORTS costume with short cape. Skirt is very short and has fullness on right front side. Top part is in form of long middy blouse. Material is dark blue kasha jersey. Martial et Armand.

SPORTS costume of green-and-white kasha flannel, with a cape for the wrap. Skirt has fullness in front, which is obtained through three box plaits. Poiret.

DAYTIME street cape, with effect of bolero jacket in front. Of dark blue rep, with fullness drawn into back by two darts below each shoulder. Poiret.

These Russian designers use both flares and straight lines and make golf costumes of rainproofed materials that fasten at throat and sleeves with that running new patent fastening now used on hand bags. And they put applique work on jumper dresses. By the way, both applique work and beaded designs are a feature of sports clothes, so that we may presently, I suppose, look for tennis courts as well as dance floors to be sanded with loose beads.

And yet, in spite of the gay letters from which one gleans this information, I always think of the young fashion experts as solitary figures, like the first mate on the bridge of his vessel who is forever on the look out for strange appearances to sound the warning at sea. I stood long hours with one of these first mates on a January journey up through the North Sea once in war time, and he said we were guided by a star. Like him these young first mates of fashion are at heart solitary beings, always scanning the far horizons of the sea of fashion, and the names of their guiding stars are Callot, Paquin, Vionnet.

Here are some of the alarms that they have sounded from the openings and in the words with which they have sounded them: "Capes! Very important! Shown by every house! Premet especially long on them." These four express the general trend. The sketches, as you know, are made in Paris from the original models in the houses.

From another first mate of the fashions comes a confirming message: "Capes are the thing, short, long, detached, attached, of silk, of wool, of literally everything, and they are supplemented by one other effect, equally popular. This is the bolero. Sometimes capes are made in bolero effect in front."

Incidentally, it may be said here that few women know where the bolero originated and what it is. It is a short outer waist garment, generally without sleeves, worn by Spanish dancers.

Women all over the world adopted it as a stylish and comfortable jacket and it continues in popularity.

Liberty
Announces

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Simply name the States *and* Capitals *and Win a* Big Cash Prize

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2nd Prize	1,000
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Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
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CAN you name each State? Do you know the Capital of each State? Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes for best answers to The Patriotic Game of States.

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Every week for twelve weeks Liberty will print four States as shown here.

Each page contains a set of four States which you must name, together with their Capitals. Clews will be given to help you.

Note the first set of Maps. Start with them. Then get the other 11 sets in the next 11 issues of Liberty

Try it! It's easy. Just an entertaining and educational patriotic game to familiarize everyone with our great nation.

It costs nothing. Everyone has an equal opportunity to win a big Cash Prize.

Open to Every Man, Woman, Boy, and Girl

Remember, The Patriotic Game of States is open to everyone—boys, girls, men, and women. It does not matter who you are or where you live.

The $25,000 in Cash Prizes will be paid to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of Maps.

Begin at once! Set No 1 is printed here. Do you know these States? *Save all Maps until you have the twelve sets—then send them in.*

Can you name these States and their Capitals?

A State noted for its mules and lead mines. It was part of the Louisiana Purchase, gave its name to a famous slavery compromise, and was divided between Union and Confederacy during the Civil War.

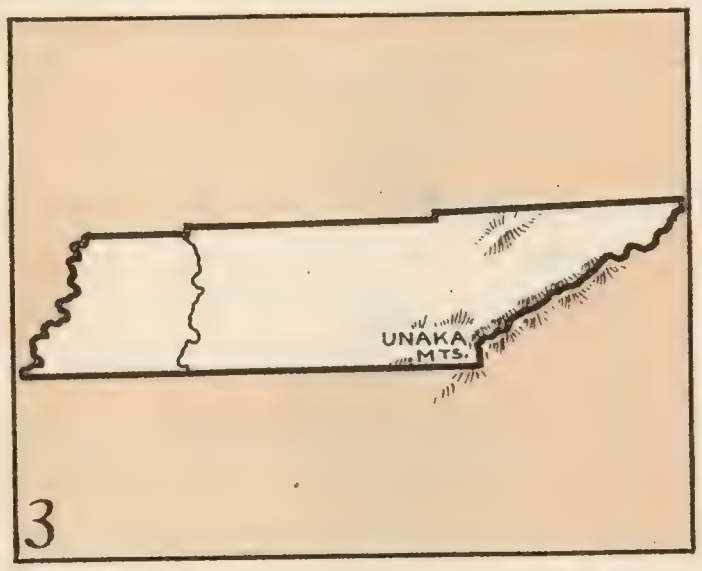
Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 1

This State was named after a French king. The Mississippi River flows through it to the sea. Near its chief city, a famous battle was fought by General Jackson at the end of the War of 1812.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 1



This State is bounded on the west by the Mississppi River. It was a favorite hunting ground of Daniel Boone. It joined the Confederacy in 1861, but more than 30,000 of its sons fought for the Union.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 1

Mexico is this State's neighbor. It contains the Grand Canyon and is one of the few places where real cowboys are still found. Coronado explored it 48 years after Columbus discovered America.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 1

Do You Know Your Own Country?

RULES

1 Every week for 12 consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline Maps of four different States of the United States, a total of 48 Maps—one for each of the 48 States.

2 The public is invited to cut out these Maps, fill in the name of the State each represents and the name of the Capital. Liberty will pay $25,000 to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of the 48 State Maps in accordance with these rules.

3 This offer is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

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5 Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all Maps until you have the complete set of 48. Then send them to "States," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Maps must be in by midnight 21 days after the last Map has been published. No entries will be returned.

6 Each entry must be sent by first class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. At the end of the contest, we want you to tell us your favorite State, the one you want for your home. Contestants may send in as many sets of Maps as they wish but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7 You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy of trace the Maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

8 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

TO TEACHERS

One of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American Geography among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest the children in this educational game, and inspire them to consult with their parents and their teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest, we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools, so when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

A Set of Maps in each issue

of

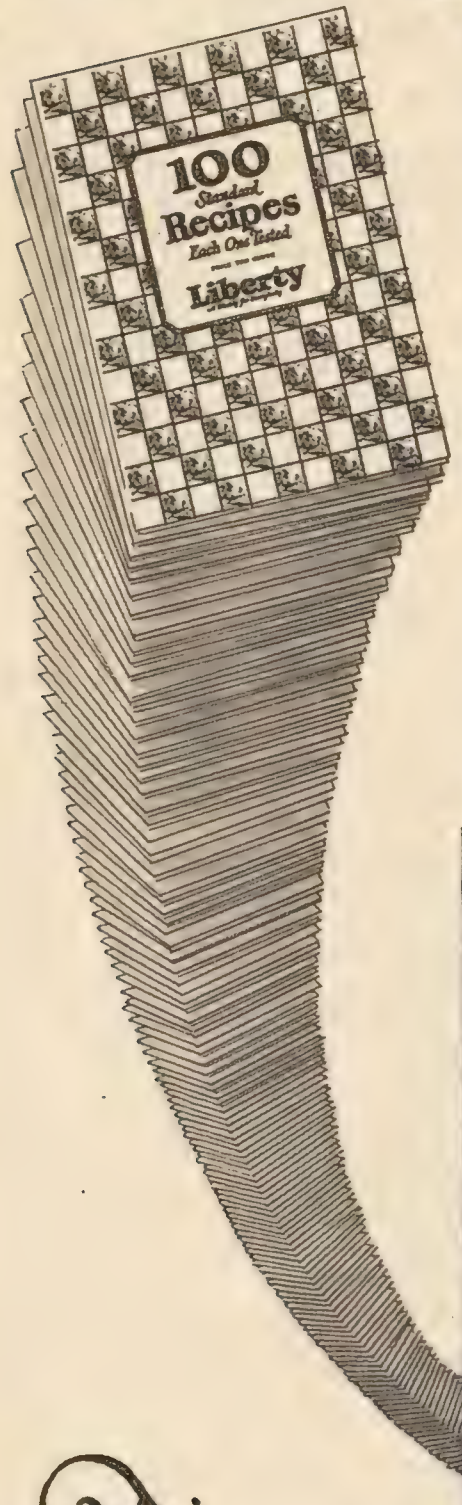
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In October we offered a small COOK BOOK

{100 Recipes}

to the public, for ten cents



Only the amount of space used on the opposite page was ever used to announce this book.

Each week a coupon similar to this, but no larger, appears on our Food Page.

The following table shows the extraordinary responsiveness of our women readers to this feature.

COOK BOOK RETURNS

Oct. 20, 1925 - Feb. 20, 1926

October	20-26	3,350
October	27-Nov. 2	3,352
November	3- 9	2,392
November	10-16	2,462
November	17-23	2,757
November	24-30	1,535
December	1- 7	1,565
December	8-14	973
December	15-21	994
December	22-28	830
December	29-Jan. 5	2,601
January	6-12	4,617
January	13-19	3,896
January	20-26	3,780
January	27-Feb. 2	3,443
February	3- 9	3,197
February	10-20	3,745
TOTAL,		45,489

To FOOD *Advertisers:*

A WORD TO THE WISE SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT

Sunday-Night Tea *a la* Mode

By ETHEL SOMERS

TO the amateur hostess, company at mealtime frequently means a scurrying for new ideas to insure the success of the party, an excited period of experimentation, an exhausting spell of watchful waiting, and a nerve-racking day of service.

Being uninitiated in cookery she learns by the trial-and-error method. Pleasantly glorying in the triumph of her successful achievement or unhappily choking back the embarrassment of her errors, she learns through bitter experience the ways of the a la mode service.

The inexperienced will always find it well not to undertake too much—a few things well prepared and attractively served complete a lovely mealtime picture. If the combination is pleasing and colorful and the flavors savory the guests' mental enjoyment will be perfect and the party will be called successful.

The experienced hostess has attained her heights from small beginnings—for instance, the Sunday-night tea. Entertaining your friends with the Sunday-night tea set forth here may prove a boon to you. Its preparation is simple and may easily be carried out ahead of time and yet its service is delightful. Try it out on your circle of friends. We had huge success.

MENU

Chop Suey *Border Rice*
Orange Tea Buns *Butter*
Savory Tea
Pineapple Upside-Down Cake

Orange Tea Buns

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons butter
¾ cup milk
Orange marmalade

MIX and sift the dry ingredients until light and well blended. Work in the butter with two knives by repeatedly catching the balls of fat between the two blades. Continue until the fat is cut into balls as fine as cornmeal granules. Gradually mix in the milk, stirring as little as possible with a fork or knife; for stirring toughens the dough and the use of a spoon unconsciously encourages stirring.

Roll or pat out to one-half-inch thickness. Spread with marmalade in a ⅛-inch layer and roll up like a jelly roll. Cut into three-fourths-inch slices and place these, cut end down, in a greased baking-pan. Do not pack the buns too close together, as the marmalade will cook over into the oven in that case. Bake in a very hot oven (475° F.) from twelve to fifteen minutes. Remove from the pan while hot.

An a la mode individual tea service.

Border Rice (Chinese Method)

2 cups rice
2 teaspoons salt
1½ quarts water

WASH the rice thoroughly. The last rinsing water should remain perfectly clear. Add the rice to the boiling salted water. Keep the mixture boiling rapidly. Cover the kettle tightly and boil until the water has been absorbed and the rice is tender. An occasional stirring and rather rapid boiling will prevent the rice from sticking to the bottom of the kettle. Remove the cover, turn the fire very low, and leave the rice to dry out for a few minutes. Cover the pan, remove from the fire, and let steam ten minutes before serving.

Savory Tea

4 cups boiling water
3 to 6 teaspoons tea

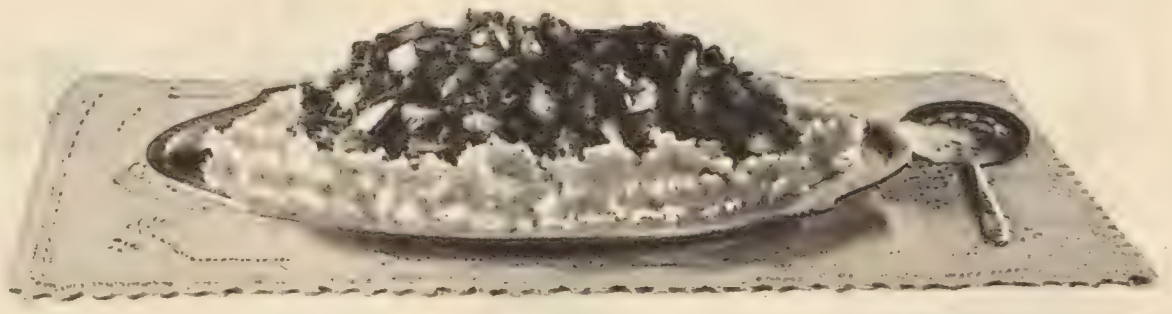
POUR the freshly drawn, freshly boiling water over the tea. Cover and let stand where it is warm for three minutes (or for five minutes if strong tea is desired). Remove the tea leaves by pouring the tea through a sieve into a hot pot for serving. Tea balls may be used and thus avoid the use of two kettles—the ball simply being removed when the infusion is complete. Prepare the tea and serve hot with any of the following additions:

(1) Lemon slices, the rind of which is stuck with cloves
(2) Wedges of lemon or orange
(3) One teaspoon orange marmalade in place of sugar
(4) Lumps of sugar which have been flavored by rubbing them on cleaned orange or lemon rinds
(5) Candied orange peel, one strip to a cup

Pineapple Upside-Down Cake

3 egg-whites
3 egg-yolks
⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup pastry flour
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup sugar
6 slices canned pineapple
3 tablespoons butter
½ to ⅔ cup brown sugar
6 cherries—maraschino or candied

MELT the butter in a fry-pan. Add the brown sugar and stir and cook until melted. Add the rounds of pineapple, placing a cherry in the center of each round. Mix the cake batter as follows: Beat the egg-yolks until thick and lemon colored. Gradually beat in one-half the sugar, using a mechanical egg-beater. Add the lemon juice and grated rind. Beat the egg-whites until frothy, add the salt, beat until stiff, and cut and fold in the remaining sugar, using a wire egg whisk and mixing as little as possible. Gradually sift the thrice sifted flour into the egg-yolk mixture, alternating each addition of the dry ingredients with one of the egg-white mixture. Mix these in by cutting and folding with a spatula or whisk. Pour the cake mixture over the butterscotch fruit. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) from forty to fifty minutes right in the fry-pan.



Chop suey with border rice, ready to serve.

For nicer individual a la mode service prepare as pictured herein by pouring the brown sugar-and-butter mixture into each of six muffin rings tightly set on a buttered baking-sheet. Put one ring of pineapple into each muffin ring and pour the cake batter on top and bake as for the larger cake. Remove the cake from the pan while hot and turn it upside down for service so that the glazed pineapple is on top. Serve warm or cold with whipped cream.

Chop Suey

2 tablespoons fat from the meat or butter
1 cup chopped onions
1½ cups sliced celery, 1½ cups mushrooms } or 3 cups celery
2 cups bean sprouts if desired
4 tablespoons Chinese sauce
2 cups or 1 pound chopped meat—lamb, beef, pork, or chicken

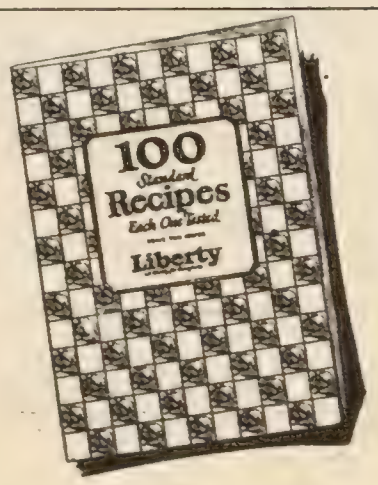
CHOP suey is not at all the mystery that it appears to the occasional diner in a Chinese restaurant. It is a delightful, tasty dish of very high nutritive value, that can be prepared by any hostess at small expense.

Cut the meat into rectangular pieces about 1 inch long, ½ inch wide, and 1/16 inch thick. Place this meat with the bean sprouts, mushrooms, onions, and fat into a hot fry-pan and fry for ten minutes, or until the contents are browned and savory, but do not continue the frying until they dry out. Add the celery and enough water to cover the mixture.

Cook the contents at a simmering temperature until tender. Do not permit the kettle to boil, as that will toughen the product. It will take about thirty minutes to cook the mixture tender. Add the Chinese sauce and serve hot, surrounded by a border of steaming hot rice.

The meat to be used in chop suey may be chopped beef as it comes through the chopper. In this case it is well to spread it out loosely on a board and sprinkle lightly with bread crumbs. Roll the meat lightly in the fine crumbs and then proceed as given in this recipe with the meat pieces.

Liberty's COOK BOOK Ends Menu Worries!



100 TESTED RECIPES
FOR 10 CENTS!

The housewife's eternal and omnipresent question, "What shall we have for dinner tonight?" is answered at last.

Liberty's new cook book, prepared expressly to save time and worry, has solved that riddle. One Hundred Standard Recipes offers the latest, best, and easiest methods known to the science of cooking and the most up-to-date suggestions on appetizing dishes.

Send the coupon and ten cents (in stamps or coin) TODAY for your copy!

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your new cook book, One Hundred Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

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3-27-26

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

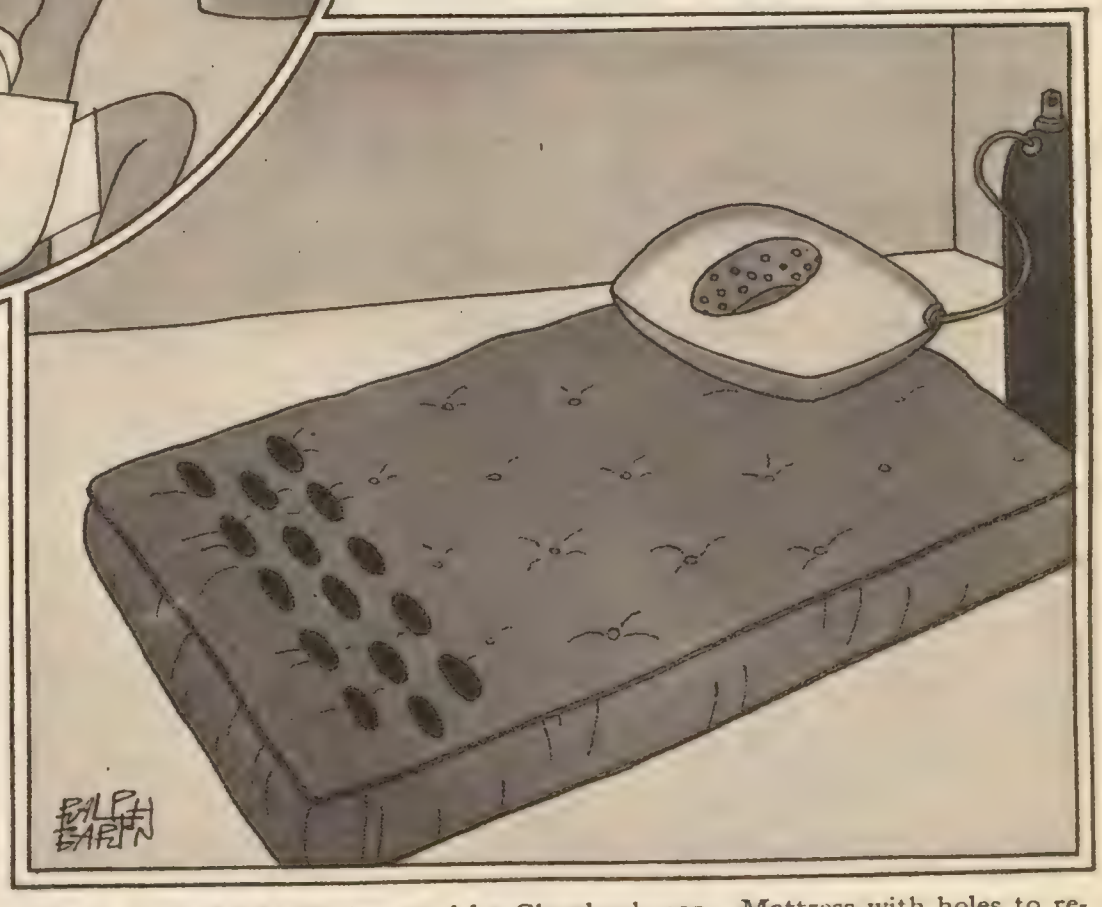
By RALPH BARTON

THE GOVERNMENT BUREAU OF AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS reports that the United States eats more than 50,000 barrels of apples a day, and unemployed doctors from all over the country stage demonstration in protest in the streets of Walla-Walla.

HOW TO TELL YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE ACTRESS' AGE by her photograph. Above: Harsh, commercial photograph—for actresses under twenty-five. Below: Soft, hazy " art " photograph for actresses between twenty-five and ninety-five.

TURKS ABANDON OLD WAYS AND EMULATE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS of civilization. Snapshot taken in the streets of Constantinople showing fezless and veilless citizens affecting a popular American mode of attire.

QUEEN MARY PATRIOTICALLY takes up the " British-Made " campaign. Master Lascelles has his mouth washed out with soap and water for having used a naughty word that was made in America.



BOON TO MANKIND invented by Cleveland man. Mattress with holes to receive toes and pillow with oxygen-tank attachment for people who like to sleep on their faces and refuse to be converted by the dangers of suffocation.

A Fortune *from a* Tea-Room

A colonial tea-room where a homelike atmosphere charmed women shoppers.

Warnings from a Woman Who Has Grown Rich by Serving Food Attractively

By

ALEXANDRA GREY

HUNDREDS of girls in these days are casting around for ways of making more than twenty-five dollars a week.

First, they think of becoming musical-comedy stars, then interior decorators like Elsie de Wolfe, and then—coming down to brass tacks—of opening a tea-room.

Now, to open a tea-room sounds easy and profitable to them. They know how to make a date salad. But it takes more than that to succeed. Miss Ida L. Frese of New York, often called the Tea-Room Queen, knows why.

So here is her story, and it ought to be a warning to those who are too sanguine and an encouragement to those who like hard work and have a lot of sense. Miss Frese lived in Toledo, Ohio. She studied art but it soon became apparent that she was no Velasquez and not even a Harrison Fisher. So she took a train to New York. She was young and had a thousand dollars. There was in Thirty-third Street a lunch club for women. The members were well off women who wanted to have a quiet place where they could get food such as they would get at home if it had not been necessary for them to go shopping.

Miss Frese knew the women who managed the place. The club was going to disband. So Miss Frese took over the lease, bought the furniture and silver, and hired five servants—two cooks and three waitresses. This was the first tea-room.

What is a tea-room? When is a tea-room not a restaurant?

A tea-room is a place where one can get, particularly women, a substantial lunch of delicious food—food that is somewhat less expensive than hotel food, yet tastes better than hotel food because it has been painstakingly cooked in small amounts. Also in a tea-room one can get the refinements of food—things like waffles and blueberry muffins and home-made jelly and countless salads.

So she risked her thousand dollars. The rent was only fifty dollars a month. The servants worked then for a third of what they do now. Did she make money right away?

"No, I didn't. To tell the truth, for quite a while I lost. But I never lost so much that I had to borrow."

But after many months the thing began to prosper in an unobtrusive way. She took on more employees. She bought better silver, prettier china, and opened a second tea-room. Then a third. Then she bought a farm to supply these with fresh vegetables.

And now she has passed into more manly financial realms. She has taken an eighty-five-year lease on the Madison Grant residence at the corner of Thirty-third Street and Madison Avenue in New York City.

Underwood & Underwood

Ida L. Frese, the Tea-Room Queen, who reigns in the realm of shoppers.

"Will you get out of the tea-room business?"

"No, no! That would throw my people out of work. I wouldn't do that for anything."

And thus we come to the primary cause of Miss Frese's success. She has more than a hundred and twenty employees.

"Not difficult at all. If you can boss one person you can boss a hundred, five hundred. But it is quite a trick to boss one. As for myself, my method is kindness and consideration. I have heard of other ways but I think mine is the only one that works. Many of my waitresses and cooks and others have been with me for twenty years. I have always paid them well, have never tried to economize on my help, and I see to it that they do not work long hours.

"The trouble with many women is that they regard their servants as creatures hired to do things they consider themselves too good to do. I get along because I am a 'good boss.' I never admit failure, even to myself. This I do by keeping all misgivings out of my mind and thinking only of what I want to accomplish. This trick keeps me from being tired or scared or worried.

Folly Farm in Connecticut. Miss Frese entertains her employees here.

"I still work sixteen hours a day—sometimes eighteen. For eight months in the year I live on my farm in Greens Farms, Connecticut. It is a lovely place on the Sound. There we grow vegetables for the tea-rooms. When I am there I work over those vegetables, digging and bending my back like any farmer for many hours a day. Saturday and Sunday we have a great many people there."

"House parties?"

"Yes. But most of the guests are the girls who work for me. They come out by the score. They all have a perpetual invitation to come when they like and get some air and sunlight and go in swimming.

"Now, the story of my success in the tea-room business may lead a lot of credulous girls into trying it. But I cannot say emphatically enough that it takes a lot of sense and great effort and a knowledge of many things.

"For example, before you lease a place you must consider the location. If it is a lunch place and you intend to serve food that is not cheap, it must be situated where many women who are not poor are passing to and from at lunch time. If it is to be a dining-place, then it must be among apartment houses with apartments of only two or three rooms, so that the people in them will be inclined to go out to dinner several nights in the week.

"You have to consider what streets your customers will have to pass through to get to your place, the traffic they will have to buffet. Don't take a long lease unless you are certain that the neighborhood two or five or whatever years hence will not have changed radically in that time.

"Another thing—don't throw away your money by going into the business until you have worked in a tea-room and know all about it, from dish-washing to leases and mortgages."

With all this domestic ability, her big business, and her own charming personality—why has Miss Frese never married?

The answer comes back snappily:

"Because I am so happy in my work, so busy with the details of it, and so independent in its management that I do not feel the need of a man. Perhaps there may be a man somewhere for whom I would be willing to give up this independence—but he has not yet passed across my horizon. I'm wedded to my work—the same as some women are wedded to their art. And that's that!"

THE END

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With this habit comes a sense of security. *The magic bottle* is a powerful antiseptic. Its ability to destroy germs is proven in laboratory tests.

And for the smoker, a mouthwash and gargle that is cooling, cleansing and refreshing — and relieves throat irritation.

Absorbine, Jr. stands guard in the medicine cabinet of every home where precaution is the watchword.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Sore Throat *Chapped Hands*
Other Timely Uses:
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Liberty's RADIO STATION WLIB

LIBERTY wants listeners to send in suggestions for bettering programs. $10 will be paid for each letter printed.

WLIB Station, located at Chicago, is one of the most powerful in the country and aims to be "A Station for Everybody."

$10 for Every Letter Printed

FISH STORIES

Radio Editor: They say there are eight million Izaak Waltons in the United States of America. I am one.

Now, this group would bless the broadcaster who would give information on the most serviceable and economical rods, reels, and lines for certain kinds of fishing; the most satisfactory baits and lures for different fish in different waters; a resume of the fishing laws of the States noted for the sport; some true sporting rules governing the action of the Izaak, and a real lecture to the Hogs; and, above everything else, get Henry Van Dyke, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, or some other good fish-story artist to tell one (or more) of their inimitable tales.

FRED A. PITCHER.
Master of Shurtleff School, Chelsea, Mass.

AMERICAN MUSIC

Dear Sir: I suggest that WLIB devote an hour each week to an explanation and the story of the progress of American music. Much of our old-time music had a very romantic origin, especially that associated with Revolutionary and early plantation days. A short talk before the playing of each piece would prove educational and entertaining.

M. F. MCCARTHY.
Room 65, North Station, Boston, Mass.

INTERIOR DECORATING

Dear Editor: May I suggest that you give a talk, once a week, say, by a competent interior decorator? Most women are interested in this subject. I have heard only one lecture on interior decorating since we have had our radio. It was excellent. I believe women are eager to make their homes more attractive, cozy, and livable, and so many of them don't know the first principles of the art of home decorating.

If the lectures were instituted there could be talks on pictures, harmony of colors, how to brighten a drab-looking room, arrangement of furniture, planning a model kitchen, etc. MRS. STANLEY WILSON.
209 Walker, West, Saint Johns, Mich.

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Radio Editor, Liberty,
P.O.Box 380, Grand Central
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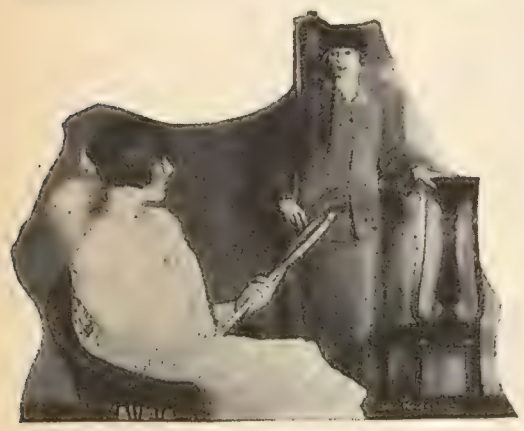

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Good Cheer

New fitness—new energy in a morning drink

Do this on rising in the morning if you feel out of sorts or unfit.

Drink a glass of water, hot or cold. Add a little Jad Salts, and you will have a sparkling and refreshing drink.

In an hour things will change. The drink will flush the intestines to eliminate the poisons and the waste. This is done in a prompt and pleasant, in a gentle and efficient way.

It is done by acids derived from lemon and grape, combined with lithia, etc.

Then remember this drink—Jad Salts in water—whenever any clogging occurs. Take it any hour of the day. That's the quickest and the best way to correct things. Let a sample prove this to you. Send the coupon for it.

Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.
598 Madison Avenue
New York. Dept. L 12 H

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Mail me a Free Sample of Jad Salts.

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WANT EXTRA MONEY?

I Pay $12 ADAY FREE HAT TOO

Wonderful Money-Maker
Brought J. Martinez $4 in 30 minutes. N. B. Ballinger made $11 first day. FREE sample outfit shows how to do it—full or spare time.

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Taylor Bobette is smartest sports hat ever seen. Beautiful felt—tailored to measure. Every woman wants to buy on sight. We give you free sample outfit and show you how to make $35-$50 a week this easy way. Free hat offer for yourself, too. Write me today
J. W. Taylor, Pres., Taylor Hat Mfrs., Dept. 83 Cincinnati, Ohio

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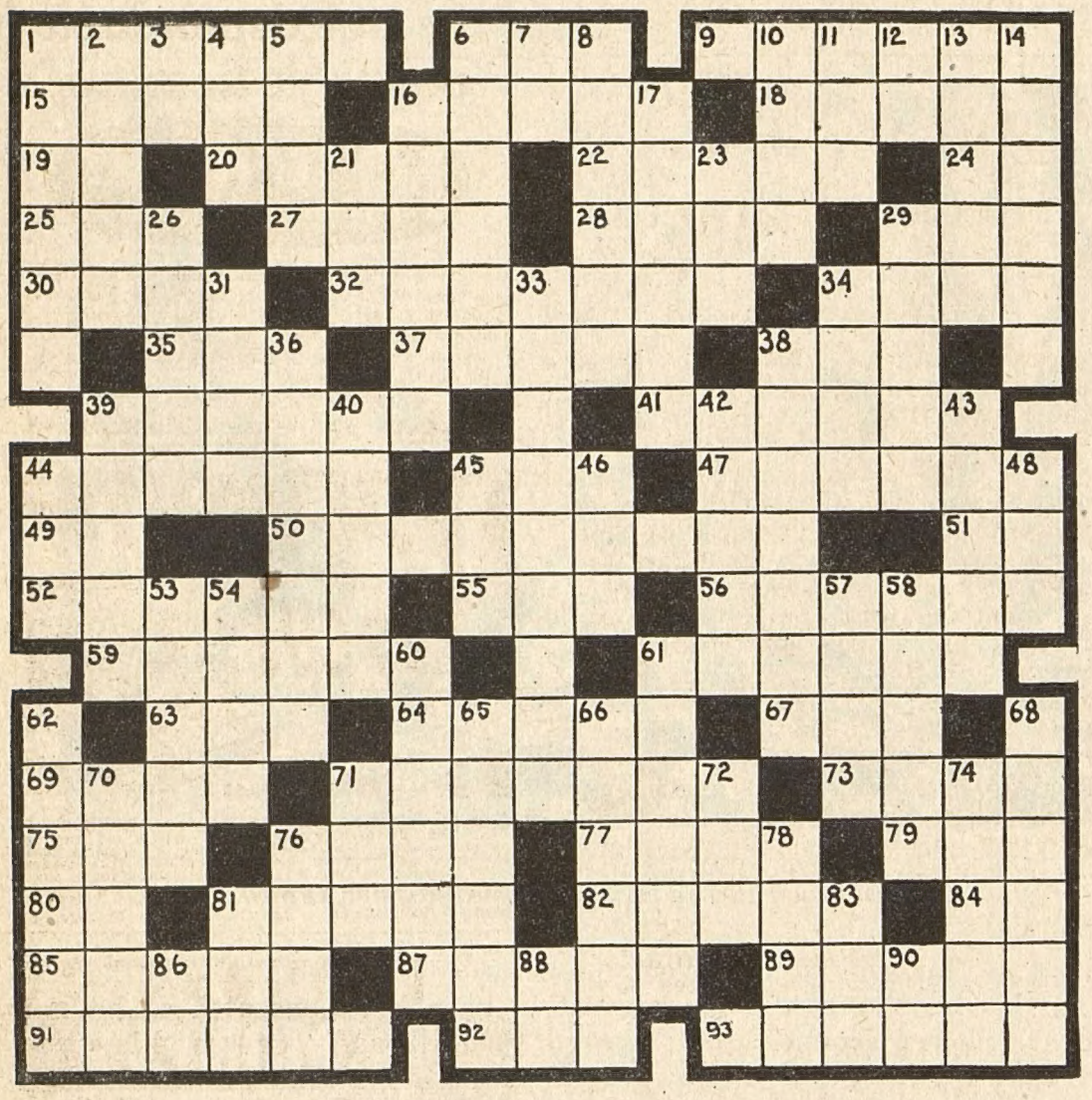
318 W. Washington Street, Chicago.

INSIST UPON KEMP'S BALSAM for that COUGH!

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 61

OUR happy band of cross-word puzzlers grows bigger and bigger. In North, South, East, and West they live—these friends of Liberty's weekly brain-teaser. The other day while we were shivering in New York's icy blasts someone in California wrote us about the morning he spent on the sands at Long Beach, stretched out in the sun after a swim, solving a recent puzzle. In the same mail a Canadian told us about the ripping big log fires he builds before he gets out the trustworthy pencil and eraser. It is very interesting to hear from our puzzle friends. If you are one, why don't you write us?



HORIZONTAL

1 Wooden shoes worn by European peasants
6 A deity
9 To designate the site or place of
15 A powder used for grinding and polishing
16 The foundation of anything
18 Spanish and Portuguese measures of length
19 A syllable applied to note of the scale
20 A bower
22 A spring month
24 A pronoun
25 A jewel
27 To acquire by labor
28 Passed from physical life
29 A malt beverage
30 The Greek god of love
32 Seesaws
34 Learned
35 Guided
37 Agreeable odor
38 A small cushion
39 Animals utilized in deserts
41 Looked with an evil expression
44 A bright red cherry color
45 Consumed
47 Directed one's course
49 An alleged force or natural power
50 A worker in wood
51 Ah! Alas!
52 Makes rigid
55 Before
56 To regard with profound respect
59 Large fishing nets
61 To determine and impose a tax upon
63 To rove about idly
64 Intimations
67 Rested upon the haunches
69 To injure
71 Loses remembrance
73 For fear that
75 Commotion
76 A gambling game at cards
77 Urgent want
79 The Spanish word for river
80 One of the New England States (initials)
81 Made of oat grain
82 Fear of impending evil
84 The initials of a continent
85 Distributed
87 United States coins
89 To return an impulse or impression
91 To disunite in any manner
92 A vehicle
93 Perceptions through the intellect

VERTICAL

1 Twilled woolen fabric (plural)
2 A Mohammedan noble
3 Exist
4 An Anglo-Saxon money of account
5 The capital of ancient Phœnicia
6 To store, as in a granary
7 A bone
8 A crown
10 An early Roman poet
11 The "Golden" State (abbr.)
12 One hundred square meters
13 Follows or is drawn behind
14 To hold in regard
16 The north wind
17 Winding or circling around a center
21 A flying mammal
23 The particular matter or thing (legal)
26 A grinding tooth
29 Assisted
31 Half or partly
33 Walking unsteadily
34 To give notice of danger
36 To go down
38 The wife of a nobleman
39 Yields
40 A contract for rental
42 Wide-mouthed jugs
43 Dear ones
44 A bed
45 A monkey
46 The point of the compass opposite WSW
48 A coloring agent
53 Member of a Negroid race of Africa
54 A kingdom in Asia
57 A kind of meat
58 Ethereal salt
60 Supported or propped with timbers
61 Flowers
62 Pieces of a brittle substance
65 Sarcastic
66 To offer in payment
68 Ermines
70 Good-by
71 Oily or greasy tissue
72 Comprehend
74 From a past time until now
76 Destiny
78 Defy
81 Antiquated
83 The lair of a wild beast
86 One indefinitely of a number
88 A parent
90 Like

Answer to Puzzle No. 60

Hi-Go Treads

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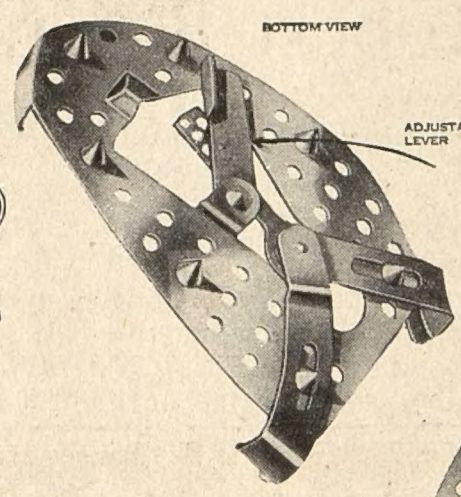

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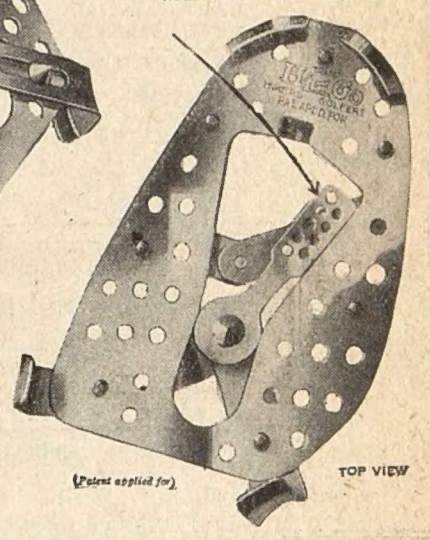

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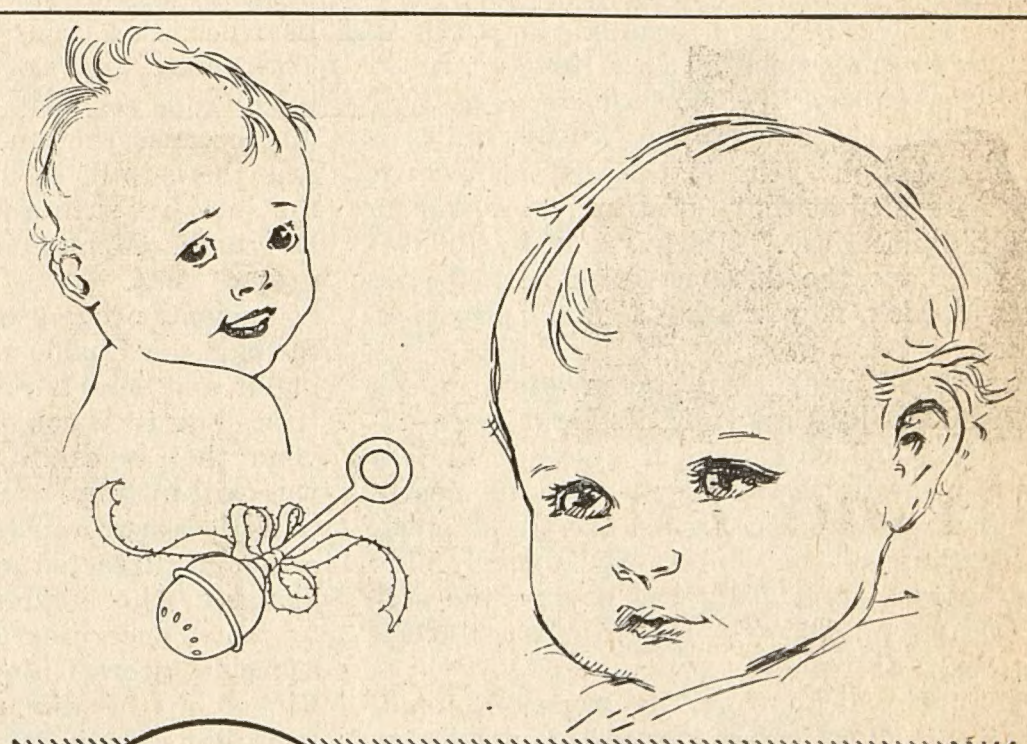

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Dread *of the* Stars AND Fear *of* Snakes

From Cave-Man Days to 1926 These Two Emotions Have Held Sway in Human Hearts

By Robert B. Gray

Picture by C. B. FALLS

Man stood in the slime and worshipped the sun.

DR. EDWIN HUBBLE of the University of Chicago recently published some observations on a distant nebula. Prof. E. E. Barnard of the same university, who was on the staff of Yerkes Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, until his death three years ago, had studied this nebula as early as 1884.

Astronomers now have the universe in terms of galaxies.

The original galaxy was the Milky Way. The myriad wonders of it expounded themselves to the telescope and the yardstick of the astronomer.

Ideas of the universe cannot remain stationary—there is always something beyond. This nebula which Barnard studied in 1884 is pretty well understood by Dr. Hubble now. It is another galaxy, 700,000 light years away.

Light travels, roughly, at 186,000 miles a second. A light year is the distance which can be traveled at that speed in a year (about 5,870 billion miles). Multiply that by 700,000 and you have the distance from here to the galaxy which now marks a far outpost of cosmos.

Our small sun, at a mean distance, is 93,000,000 miles away. If its light were extinguished the earth would know it in less than nine minutes and begin then its death. Of our near-by suns, Sirius, the great steel-blue brilliant of the winter sky, is nearly nine light years distant. But the galaxy, the system of suns discussed by Dr. Hubble, is 700,000 light years distant.

The sun, which grows the crops of human beings for whom it once served this particular purpose, has been dwarfed as a small star in a small system in a galaxy beyond which are others and beyond them others.

Men reconciled themselves, after much protest and distress, to an idea of life in which the earth could not be the physical nub of everything visible.

It was so necessary to human egotism that it should be the nub that few people would tolerate the proof that it was not so. Copernicus knew this and he would not publish his book showing that the earth revolved around the sun for twelve years after he had finished it. He escaped whatever might have been the consequences by dying just as the book was published.

Man's warmth, his crops, his sustenance constituted the primary duty of the sun. Inasmuch as crops cannot ripen without the sun, it therefore apparently was the duty and purpose of the sun to ripen the crops. The earth was not inhabitable accidentally because the sun made it so, but the sun was there to do it. The earth's need created the sun. As such a servant it revolved around the earth. Moon and stars were for the pleasures of men.

Ancient progenitors of astronomy in the Syrian, the Chaldean, and the North African plains and deserts probably knew this was not true; but they could not know what was beyond their eyesight, or even much of what was within it.

With a sure instinct the average person, although attracted at times by the glory of a planet or the brilliance of a star, is repelled by facts concerning them. If such a person is asked to interest himself in the light years of Sirius or the dimensions of Betelgeuse, he feels himself diminished if he responds with any comprehension. With a natural uneasiness he turns away.

PEOPLE constantly fight against obliteration. Every Egyptian mummy is evidence of a further search for protection even when the physical being has met the enemy and has succumbed. So also is every mausoleum, from the Taj Mahal to the Smith family vault.

James B. Duke gave his money by his will to Trinity College in North Carolina on condition that this impressive name of the Christian religion should be changed to Duke. That was one wealthy man's way of answering the galaxy of 700,000 light years away.

People do not want to adjust themselves to the obliterating evidence of the stars.

In the time of Galileo they insisted, through the Church, that it should not be that the earth revolved, as Copernicus and his precedent co-operators said it did, around the sun. Galileo would have been executed if he had not abjured his faith and confessed his error. Now, devastating as might be this galaxy 700,000 light years away, no ecclesiastic threatens Dr. Hubble and no legislator laws against him. That conflict was centuries ago.

THE normal person knows the instinctive revulsion against snakes. There is an uncontrollable start at the sight of even a graceful and beautifully colored snake.

Snakes were the greatest of the three great enemies of apes and monkeys—snakes, the great cats, and the great carnivorous birds. The snakes and cats could climb the trees and the birds descend upon them.

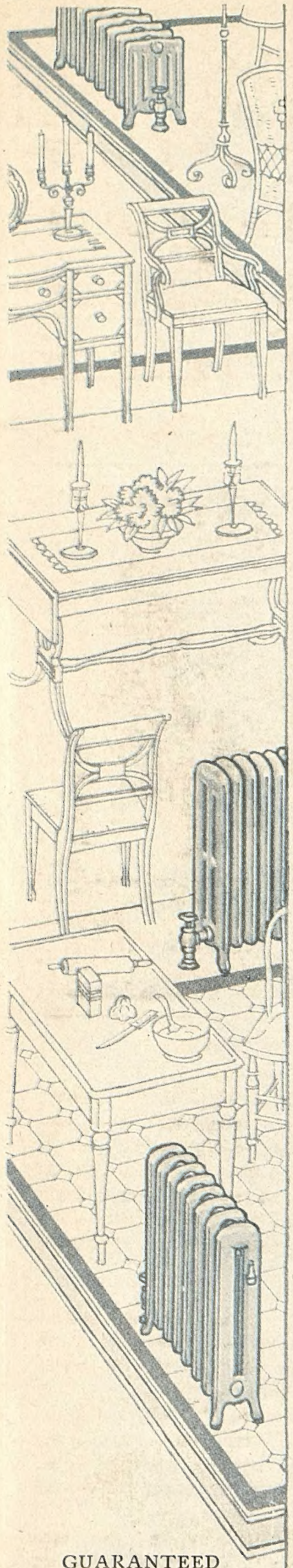
The snakes, even better than the cats and much better than the birds, could hunt at night when the people of the trees were asleep. There are some people who now have the same instinctive dread of cats that nearly all people have of snakes. And nearly any person instinctively will kill a carnivorous bird if given opportunity.

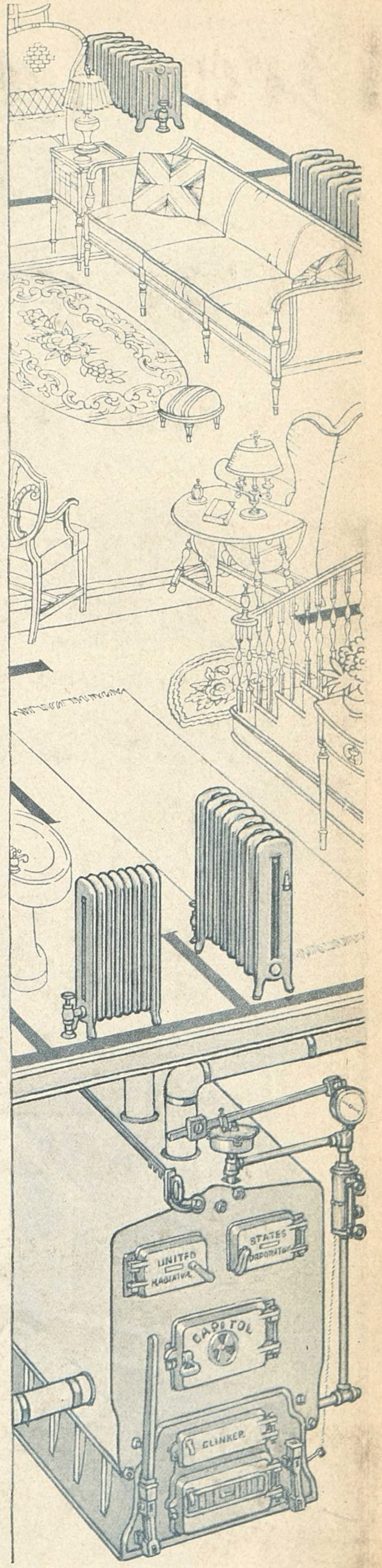
Nevertheless, although Dr. Hubble is safe in publishing an article about the new galaxy, because that fight is old, John Scopes, the Tennessee school-teacher, loses his job and is fined in a State prosecution because his fight is new.

We are still aghast at the stars, but we do not torture astronomers, although some of us will turn a corner if we see one coming. But the person who tries to trace us up a tree does so still at his own risk.

THE END

DEPENDABLE HEAT ALL OVER THE HOUSE WITH ECONOMY





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